The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & Co., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents.

SOMEBODY'S LOVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BEULAH.

He will be somebody's lover, I know,
And fondly I pause the while,
To muse on the beauty of that face
Luminous with love's smile.

Strong and gentle, with tenderness rare
As half-hidden lights that glow
To beckon the sailor boy far aloft,
To the ocean depths below.

Deeps are welling within his soul,
Unsounded by mortal ken;
Rich with the wealth of manly love—
Who shall sound them?—and when?

I strain my eyes to watch his form,
'Till my eyelids fall like lead;
I sleep to dream I am buried close,
And his feet are above my head.

I waken to find the footfalls heard
In my dream of restful bliss,
Is but my heart that is throbbing fast
With the memory of a kiss.

He kissed me once, the crimson flush
Is dyeing my neck and brow,
As I dream of that kiss with tender pain,
And wish that the once was now.

He will be *somebody's* lover, I know,
So manly, noble, and true,
And the somebody loved—alas, poor heart!
You are wishing it might be you.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CASTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TONTINE.

The tontine. If the reader only knew how important a share the tontine—with its results—holds in this little history, he would enter on it with interest.

Tontines may be of different arrangement. In fact, they are so. This one was as follows. It had been instituted at Whitborough. Ten gentlemen put each an equal sum into a common fund, and invested the whole in the joint names of ten children, all under a year old. This money was to be allowed to accumulate at compound interest, until only one of those children should be left alive: that one, the last survivor, would then receive the whole of the money unconditionally.

Of these ten children whose names were inscribed on the parchment deed, Oliver Rane and Bessy North alone survived. Mr. North had been wont to call it an unlucky tontine—for its members had died off rapidly one after another. For several years only three had been left; and now one of them, George Massey, had followed in the wake of those that were gone. Under ordinary circumstances, the tontine would have excited no comment whatever, but have gone on smoothly to the end: that is, until one of the two survivors had collapsed. The other one would have had the money paid him, and nothing been thought about it, except that he was a fortunate man.

But this case was exceptional. The two survivors were man and wife. For the good fortune to lapse to one of them, the other must die. It was certainly a curious position, and it excited a good deal of comment in the neighborhood. Dallory, as prone to gossip as other places, made it into that oft-quoted thing, a nine-days' wonder. In the general stagnation caused by the strike, people took up the tontine as a source of relief.

Practically the tontine was of no further use to the two remaining members; that is, to the two combined. They were one, so to say: and so long as they continued to be such, the money could not lapse. If Bessy died, Dr. Rane would take it; if Dr. Rane died, she would take it. Nothing more could be made of it than this. It had been accumulating now just thirty years: how much longer it would be left to accumulate, none could foresee. For thirty years to come, in all human probability: for Dr. Rane and his wife appeared to possess, each, a sound and healthy constitution. Nay, they might survive ten or twenty years beyond that, and yet not be very aged. And so, there it was; and Dallory made the matter its own, with unceremonious freedom.

But not as Dr. and Mrs. Rane did. They had need of money, and this huge sum (huge to them) lying at the very threshold of their door, but forbidden to enter, was more tantalising than pen can tell. Richard North had not been wrong in his computation: and the amount as it stood at present, was rather considerably over two thousand pounds. The round sum, however, was large enough to reckon by without counting odds and ends. Two thousand pounds! Two thousand pounds theirs of right, and yet they might not touch it because one of them was not dead!

A PERSIAN WHEEL IN THE PUNJAB.

The Punjab is a vast plain, stretching southward from the base of the great Himalaya mountains, which overshadow India along the whole range of its northern frontier. The word Punjab means "five waters," the country being intersected by five rivers, which having their sources at various points in the mountain ranges to the north, flow southward, gradually approaching each other in their courses, until they all meet in one channel called the Punjnud, or five rivers, which afterwards falls into the Indus. There little rain falls, and the country must be watered by irrigation. The rivers generally flow in deep beds, but a simple mechanical contrivance suffices to raise the water. This is the well-known Persian wheel. The machinery is placed over a khuria, or cut in the river's bank, and is worked by bullocks or camels. The water thus raised fills the small furrows which divide the green patches of wheat and barley around the villages. In these cultivated parts of the Punjab are raised crops of wheat, rice, and other kinds of grain. The gardens yield fruits too numerous to mention: lemons, peaches, figs, pomegranates, oranges, mulberries, grapes, &c.; vegetables also of many sorts, and flowers in rich profusion. But the central portions of the doabs, which are furthest removed from the rivers, present a very different aspect, and the hard clay or sandy soil produces a few thorny bushes; and towards the mountains the country is covered with extensive jungles, where lions, tigers, panthers, &c., find a safe retreat.

How many hours they spent, discussing the matter with each other, could never be computed. As soon as the twilight of the evening came on, wherever they might be and whatever the occupation, the theme was sure to be drifted into. In the dining-room when it grew too dark for Dr. Rane to pursue his writing; in the drawing room, into which Bessy would while him, and sing to him one of her simple songs: walking together, arm within arm, in the garden path, the stars in the summer sky above them, the waving trees encompassing them around about, the subject of the tontine would be taken up: the tontine; nothing but the tontine. It was no wonder that they grew to form plans of what they would do if the money were theirs: we all know how apt we are to let imagination run away with us, and, to indulge visions that grow to seem like reality. Dr. Rane painted a bright future. With two thousand pounds in hand, he could establish himself in a first-class metropolitan locality, set up well, both professionally and socially; and there would be plenty of money for him and his wife to live upon while the practice was growing. Bessy entered into it all as eagerly as he. Having become accustomed to the idea of quitting Dallory, she never glanced back at the possibility of remaining. *She* thought his eager wish, his unalterable determination to leave it, was connected only with the interests of his profession; *he* knew that the dread of a certain possible discovery, ever haunting his conscience, made the place more intolerable to him day by day. At any cost he must get away from it; at any cost. There was a great happiness in these evening conversations, in the glowing hope presented by plans and projects. But where was the use of indulging such, when the tontine money (the pivot on which all was to turn) could never be theirs? As often as this damping recollection brought them up with a check, Dr. Rane would fall into a gloomy silence. Gradually, by the very force of thinking, he saw a way, or thought he saw a way, by which their hopes might be accomplished. And that was, to induce the trustees to advance the money at once to him and his wife jointly.

Meanwhile the strike continued in unabated force. Not a man was at work; every one refused to do a stroke unless he could be paid for it what *he* thought right, and leave off his daily labor when he chose. One might have supposed, by the independence of the demands, that the men were the masters and North and Gass the servants. Privation was beginning to reign, garments grew scanty, faces pinched. There was not so much as a sixpence for superfluities: and under that head in troubled times must be classed the attendance of a medical man. It will readily be understood, therefore, that this state of affairs did not contribute to fill the pockets of Dr. Rane.

One day, Mr. North, sitting on the short, green bench in front of his choicest carnation bed, found two loving hands put round his neck from behind. He had been three parts asleep, and woke up slightly bewildered.

"Bessy, child! Is it you?"

It was Mrs. Rane. Her footfall on the grass had not been heard. She wore a cool print dress and black silk mantle; and her plain straw bonnet sat well on, around the pretty falling curls. Bessy looked quiet and simple always; and always a lady.

"Did I startle you, papa?"

"No, my dear. When I felt the arms, I thought it was Mary Dallory. She comes upon me without warning sometimes. Here's room, Bessy."

Making way for her, she sat down beside him. It was a very hot morning, and Bessy untied the strings of her bonnet. There was a slight look of weariness on her face, as if she were just a little worried with home cares. In truth she felt so: but all for Oliver's sake. If the money came not in so freely as to make matters easy, she did not mind it herself, but for him.

"Papa, I have come to talk to you," she began, laying one of her hands on his knee affectionately. "It is about the tontine money. Oliver thinks that it might be paid to us conjointly; that it ought to be."

"I know he does," replied Mr. North. "It can't be done, Bessy."

Her countenance fell a little. "Do you think not, papa?"

"I am sure not, child."

"Papa, I am here this morning to beg of you to use your interest with Sir Thomas Ticknell for us. Oliver knows nothing of my coming. He said last night, when we were talking, that if you could be induced to throw your interest into our scale, the bank might listen to you. So I thought to myself that I would come to you in the morning and ask."

"The bank won't listen to me, or to anybody else in this matter, Bessy. It's against the law to pay the tontine over while two of you are alive, and the Ticknells are too strict to risk it. I shouldn't do it myself in their places."

"What Oliver says is this, papa. The money must, in the due course of events, come to either him or me, whichever of us shall survive the other. We have therefore an equal interest in it, and possess at present an equal chance of succeeding to it. No one else in the wide world, but our two selves, has the smallest claim to it, or ever can have. We are the only survivors of the ten; the rest are all dead. Why, then, should the trustees not stretch a point, and let us have the money while it can be of use to us conjointly? Oliver says they ought to do it."

"I know he does," remarked Mr. North.

"Has Oliver spoken to you, papa?"

"No," said Mr. North, "I heard about it from Dick. Dick happened to be at the bank yesterday, and Thomas Ticknell mentioned to him that Dr. Rane had been urging this request upon them. Dick said Sir Thomas seemed quite horrified at the proposition; they had told Dr. Rane in answer that if they could consent to such a thing it would be no better than a fraud."

"So they did," replied Bessy. "When Oliver was telling me after he came home, he could not help laughing—in spite of his vexation. The money is virtually ours, so where would the fraud lie?"

"To be virtually yours is one thing, Bessy; to be legally yours is another. You young woman can't be expected to understand business questions, my dear; but your husband does. Of course it would be a great boon to get the two thousand pounds while you are both together; but it would not be a legal thing for the bankers to do, and they are right in refusing it."

"Then—do you think there is no chance for us, papa?"

"Not a bit of it, child."

A silence ensued. Mr. North sat watching his carnations, Bessy watching, with a far-off gaze, the dark-blue summer sky, as if the difficulty might be solved there. In spite of her father's opinion, she thought the brothers, Thomas and William Ticknell, unduly hard.

The Ticknells were the chief bankers of Whitborough. Upon the institution of the tontine, the two brothers, then in their early prime, had been made trustees to it, in conjunction with a gentleman named Wilson. In the course of time, Mr. Wilson died: and Mr. Thomas and Mr. William Ticknell grew into tolerably aged men: they wanted now not much of the allotted span, three score years and ten. The elder brother had gone up to court with some great local matter, and came back Sir Thomas. These two gentlemen had full power over the funds of the tontine. They were straightforward, honorable men; of dispositions naturally cautious; and holding very strict opinions in business. Increasing years had not tended to lessen the caution, or to soften the strict tenets: and when Dr. Rane, soliciting a private interview with the brothers, presented himself before them with a proposition that they should pay over the tontine funds to him and his wife conjointly, without waiting for the death of either, the few hairs remaining on the old gentlemen's white heads, rose up on end.

Truly it had seemed to them, this singular application, as touching closely upon fraud. Dr. Rane argued the matter with them, putting it in the most feasible and favorable light: and it must be acknowledged that to his mind, it appeared a thing, not only that they might do, but that it would be in them perfectly right and honest to do. All in vain; they heard him with courtesy, but were harder than adamant. Richard North happened to go in upon some business soon after the conclusion of the interview, and the brothers—they were the bankers to North and Gass—told him confidentially of the application. Richard imparted it to his father; hence Mr. North heard Bessy without surprise.

Regarded in the narrow, legal view, of course the Messrs. Ticknell might be right; but, taking it broadly and comprehensively, there could be no doubt that it seemed hard upon Oliver Rane and his wife. The chief question that had presented itself to Richard North's mind, was, if the money were handed over now, would the Messrs. Ticknell, be quite secure from ulterior consequences? They said *not*. Upon Richard North's suggesting that a lawyer might be consulted upon the point, Sir Thomas Ticknell answered that, no matter what a lawyer might say, they should never incur the responsibility of parting with the tontine money so long as two of its members were living. And I think they must be right, Richard remarked afterwards to his father. Turning to Bessy, sitting by him on the bench, Mr. North repeated this. Bessy listened in dutiful silence, but shook her head.

"Papa, much as I respect Richard's judgment, clever as I know him to be, I am sure he is wrong here. It is very strange that he should go against me and Oliver."

"It is because of his good judgment, my dear," replied Mr. North simply. "I'd trust it against the world, on account of his impartiality. When he has to decide between two opposite opinions, he invariably puts himself, or tries to put himself, in either place, weighs each side, and comes to a conclusion unbiassed. Look at this strike, now on: Dick has been reproached with leaning to the men's side, with holding familiar argument with them, for and against; a thing that few masters would do: but it is because he sees they really believe they have right on their side, and he would treat their opinions with respect, however mistaken he may know them to be."

"Richard cannot think the men are not to blame!" exclaimed Mrs. Rane.

"He lays the blame chiefly where, as *he* says, it is due—on the Trade Union. The men were deluded into listening to it at first; and they can't help obeying its dictates now: they have given themselves over to it, body and soul, Bessy, and can no more escape than a prisoner from a dungeon. That's Richard's view, mind; and it makes him all leniency: I'd try and bring 'em to their senses in a different way, if I had the power and the means left me."

"In what way, papa?"

"Bessy, if I were what I once was—a wealthy man, independent of business—I'd close the works for good: break 'em up: burn 'em if need be: anything but re-open them. The trade should go where it would, and the men after it; or stop here and starve, just as they chose. It's not I that would have my peace of life worried out of me by these strikes; or let men, that I've employed and done liberally by always, dictate to me. You've heard of the old saying—cutting off the nose to spite the face: that's just what the men will find they have done. They'll find it, Bessy, to their cost, as sure as that we two are sitting here."

Mr. North laid hold of the hoe that was resting on the elbow of the bench, and struck it lightly on the ground. Meaning no doubt to give emphasis to his words. Bessy Rane passed from the subject of the strike to that which more immediately concerned her.

"Richard is honest, papa; he would never say what he did not think; but he may be mistaken sometimes. I *cannot* understand how he can think the Ticknells right in refusing to let us have the money. If there were the slightest, smallest, reason for their keeping it back, it would be different: but there's none."

"Look here, Bessy. If they go by the strict letter of the law, they cannot do it. The tontine deed was drawn up as tightly as anything can be: it expressly says that nine of the members must be dead, and only the tenth remaining, before the money can be withdrawn from where it is invested. The Ticknells can't get over this."

"Papa—forgive me—you should not say can't, but won't," spoke Mrs. Rane. "They can do it if they please; there's nothing to prevent it. All power to act lies with them; they are responsible to none: if they paid over the money to Oliver to-morrow, not an individual in the whole world, from the Queen upon her throne to the youngest clerk in their counting-house, could call them to account for it. The strictest judge on the bench might not say to them afterwards, You have paid away money that you had no right to pay."

"Stop a bit, Bessy—that's just where the weak point lies. The Ticknells say that if they parted with the money now, they might be called upon for it again at some future time."

Bessy sat in amazement. "Why! How could that be?"

Mr. North raised his straw hat and rubbed his head before he replied. It was a somewhat puzzling question.

"Dick put it somehow in this way, my dear: that is, Thomas Ticknell put it to him. If you should die, Bessy, leaving your husband a widower with children (or, for the matter of that, if he should die, leaving you with some) the children might come upon the Ticknells for the money over again. Or Rane might come upon them, if he were the one left; or you, if you were. It was in that way, I think Dick said, but my memory is not as clear as it used to be."

"As if we should be so dishonorable! Besides—there could be no possibility of claiming the money twice. Having received it once, the Ticknells would hold our receipt for it."

Mr. North shook his head. "The law is full of quips and turns, Bessy. If the trustees paid over this money to you and your husband now, against the provisions of the tontine deed, I suppose it is at least a nice question whether the survivor of you could not compel them to pay it again."

Bessy held her breath. "Do *you* think they could be compelled, papa?"

"Well, I don't know, Bessy. I fancy perhaps they might be. Dick says they are right, as prudent men, to refuse. One thing you and Oliver may rest assured of, my dear—that, under the doubt, the Ticknells will never be got to do it as long as oak and ash grow."

Bessy Rane sighed, and began to tie her bonnet. She had no idea that the paying of the money would involve the trustees in any liability, real or fancied, and hope went out of her from this moment. By nature she was as just as Richard; and she could not henceforth even wish that the Ticknells should incur the risk.

"Dick's indoors, my dear, if you'd like to ask him what Sir Thomas said; he would explain it to you better than I have. No haste now, to go off in a morning: there's no works open to go to."

"I have heard enough, papa; I quite understand it now," was Mrs. Rane's answer. "It will be a dreadful disappointment to Oliver when he hears that no chance or hope, is left. It would have been—oh such a help to us."

"He is not getting on very well, is he, Bessy?"

"No. Especially since the strike set in. The men can't pay."

"Seeley must feel it as well as Oliver."

"Not half as much; not a quarter. His practice chiefly lies amid the richer classes. Well, we must have patience. As Oliver says, Fortune does not seem to smile upon us just now."

"If I could put a hundred-pound note, or so, into your hand, while these bad times are being tided over, I'd do it, Bessy girl. But I can't. Tell Oliver so. The strike is bringing us no end of embarrassment; and I don't know where it will end. It was bad enough before, as you remember, Bessy; but we had always Richard as a stage."

"Richard will take care of you still, papa; don't be troubled; in some way or other, I am sure he will. As to ourselves, we are young, and can wait for the good time coming."

Very cheerily she spoke. And perhaps felt so. Bessy's gentle nature held a great deal of sunshine.

"I wonder Oliver's mother does not help him," remarked Mr. North.

"Her will would be good to do it, papa, but she lives up to every farthing of her income: beyond it, I fancy sometimes. She has luxuries around her, and her travelling about costs a good deal. She is not one to cut and contrive, or to put up with small lodgings on her different sojourns. Sometimes, as you know, she travels post: it is easier, she says: and that is very expensive."

"You'll come indoors a bit, won't you, Bessy," said Mr. North as she rose. "Miss Field and Matilda were sitting in the hall just now, for coolness."

She hesitated for a moment, and then walked on by his side. Mrs. Rane's visits to the Hall were rare. Madam had not been cordial with her since her marriage; and she had never once condescended to enter Bessy's home.

The hall was empty. Bessy was about to enter the drawing-room in search of her half-sister, when the door opened to give Madam egress. The two touched each other. Madam stared haughtily, stepped back, and shut the door in Bessy's face. Next moment, a hand was extended over Bessy's shoulder, and threw it wide.

"By your leave, Madam," said Richard North calmly. "Room for my sister."

He marshalled her in as though she had been a duchess. Madam, drawing her lace shawl around her shoulders, swept majestically out, vouchsafing neither word nor look. It was nothing more than the contempt often dealt to Bessy: but Richard's blood went up in a boil.

That the refusal of the trustees to part with the funds of the tontine was irrevocable, there could be no doubt: nevertheless, Oliver Rane declined to see it. The matter got wind, as nearly everything else seemed to do in Dallory, and many of the public took his part. It was a frightful shame, they thought, that a man and his wife could not be let enjoy together the money that was their due, but must wait for one or the other's death before they got it. Jelly's tongue made itself particularly busy. Dr. Rane was not a favorite of hers on the whole, but she espoused his cause warmly in this.

"It's such a temptation," remarked Jelly, to a select few, one night at Kellar's, whither she had betaken herself to blow up the man for continuing to hold out on strike, to which movement Jelly was a determined foe.

"A temptation?" rejoined Tim Wilks, respectfully, who made one of her audience. "In what way, Miss Jelly?"

"In what way," retorted Jelly, with some scorn. "Why in the way of *stealing* the money, if it is to be got at; or of punching those two old bankers' heads. When a man's kept out of his own through nothing but some naggering crotchet, it's enough to make him feel desperate, Tom Wilks."

"So it is, Miss, acquiesced meek Timothy.

"If my mistress withheld my wages from me—which it's twenty pounds a year, and her left-off silks—I should fight at it, I know: perhaps take 'em. And *this* is two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" ejaculated honest Kellar, in a low tone of reverence, as he lifted his hands. "And for the doctor to be kept out of it because his wife's not dead! It *is* a shame."

"I'd not say, either, but it might bring another sort of temptation to some men, besides those mentioned by Miss Jelly," put in Timothy Wilks, with hesitation.

"And pray what would that be?" demanded Jelly, in a tart voice—for she made it a point to keep Timothy under before company.

"The putting of his wife out of the way on purpose to get the money, Miss Jelly," spoke Tim, with deprecation.

"You—you don't mean the murdering of her!" shrieked Mrs. Kellar, who was a timid woman and apt to be startled.

"Yes I did," replied Timothy Wilks. "Some might be found to do it. No offence to Dr. Rane. I'm putting the suppositious case of a bad man; not of him."

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

The summer was slowly passing. At a small and obscure sea-side place on the East coast, was located Mrs. Cumberland. She had engaged part of one of the few good houses there—houses that let at an enormous price in the season to visitors—and lived in it with Ellen Adair, and her maid to wait on her. Not Jelly, this time, but the housemaid, Ann. Mrs. Cumberland's own house at Dallory was being painted inside during her absence. She had deemed it well to leave Jelly in charge; and so brought Ann instead.

They had been at this place, Eastsea, for some weeks now; and Ellen privately believed that the sojourn was never coming to an end. Anything more wearisome than it was to her, could not have been found. Arthur Bohun was in London at his uncle's, where he had been staying for some time. It was several weeks since he and Ellen had met; to her it seemed as many months. James Bohun was still ill, but fluctuated much; at one time appearing to be past recovery—at another, as if he were all but well. He would not part with Arthur; Sir Nash said he must not think of leaving. Under the circumstances, Arthur did not see his way clear to get away.

Another person was fluctuating. And that was Mrs Cumberland. He complaint, connected with the heart, was just one of those that may snap life suddenly, or allow it to be protracted for years. That she was gradually growing worse, there could not be a doubt of; but it was by almost imperceptible degrees. No change could be noted from day to day: it was only by comparing her present state with what it had been three, or six, or twelve months before, that the decay could be seen. Sometimes, for days together, she would feel very ill, be quite unable to quit her room; and again she would have an interval of ease, almost of seeming recovery, and walk and drive out daily. Dr. Rane had come over twice to see her mother; staying but a few hours. His opinion was, that she might yet, with care, live for years; and probably many. At the same time, he knew that there could be, speaking in a medical point of view, no certainty of it.

It was during this sojourn at Eastsea, that Mrs. Cumberland received news from Mr. Adair. He wrote in answer to Mrs. Cumberland's letter—the first of the two letters already told of—wherein she had spoken of the probability of Ellen's being sought in marriage by a gentleman every way desirable, but in which she had omitted, probably from inadvertence, to mention the gentleman's name. Mr. Adair's answer now received, was to the effect that—fully relying on Mrs. Cumberland's judgment—he could not desire better for his daughter than that so suitable a marriage should be entered into; and accorded it his cordial consent.

But this involved a most unhappy contretemps: of which no one as yet was, or could be, conscious. That first letter of Mrs. Cumberland's had alluded to Mr. Graves: *she took this consent to apply to Arthur Bohun.* It takes time, as everybody knows, for a letter to get to Australia from England and an answer to come back again. Whether, during the lapse of weeks, Mrs. Cumberland actually forgot that her first letter had applied to Mr. Graves; or whether in her sickness, memory had grown confused between the two, and she remembered only the last letter, must ever remain a question. Certain it was, that she took this present cordial approbation of Mr. Adair's to apply to Arthur Bohun. It might be, that she had entirely forgotten having written about Mr. Graves.

With her usual reticence, she said nothing to Ellen Adair. Not a word. Time enough for that when Arthur Bohun should speak—if he ever did speak. She held the consent ready for use if necessity ever required it; and was at ease.

"Ellen, how you mope!"

Ellen Adair looked up, faintly blushing at the abrupt charge, which came from Mrs. Cumberland.

"Mope!" exclaimed Ellen.

"My dear, you do nothing else. I don't think you like Eastsea."

"Not very much. At least—it's rather dull."

"Well, I suppose you can but find it so; confined in-doors half my time, as I am. At Niton you had often Captain Bohun to go out with: now you have to go alone."

Ellen turned away, a soft blush rising to her face at the remembrance of Niton.

"Shall you be going home soon, do you think, Mrs. Cumberland?"

"Oh dear no. I had a note from Jelly this morning, and she says the house is not half done. Lazy idlers, work-people are! once you get them into a place you can't get them out. But if Jelly were ready for us, I should not go. This air is doing me good on the whole. Perhaps I shall stay the winter here."

Ellen's heart fell within her. All the autumn in this place, that verily seemed to her like the fag end of the world, and all the winter! Should she *ever* again get the chance of seeing her heart's love, Arthur Bohun? And he?—perhaps he was forgetting her.

"Do you feel well enough to come out, Mrs. Cumberland?"

"No. I am sorry, Ellen, but you must go alone. Get your things on at once, child: the afternoon will be passing."

Ellen sighed. It was of no moment to her whether she went out or stayed in: she obeyed mechanically, and went forth.

The sunshine played in small sparkles on the clear blue sea, ever changing its hue for one different and more beautiful, as the light autumn clouds floated above it in the sky. Ellen Adair sat in a sheltered place and watched it. It was her favorite seat: one hewn out of the rocks, and apparently frequented only by herself, as she had never yet been disturbed in it. Except the small strip of beach before her, nothing was to be seen from it but the sea and the sky. Overhead, she could hear the children's voices at play: the tide below was coming in with gentle monotony. Ellen had a book with her, and she had her diary; she had read a few pages in the one, she had written some lines in pencil in the other: and so the hours passed, and she was utterly dreary. The weary day was but the type of the other weary days that at present made the sum total.

"Will it ever come to an end?" she murmured, having watched a tiny pleasure-boat shoot past and disappear, leaving her to her silent solitude. "Shall we ever get back to Dallory Ham, and—and the friends that live there? I suppose a winter *might* be got through in this place, and one be alive at the end of it, but—"

A gentleman in deep mourning walking by on the strip of beach, looking this way, looking that, Ellen's thought's were cut short summarily, and she rose with a faint cry: the cry of intense joy that is so near akin in its sound to that of exquisite pain.

For it was no other than Captain Arthur Bohun. He had not heard it; but he saw her: it was for her he had been looking: and he turned to her with an outstretched hand. For a moment she felt utterly bewildered, half doubting the reality of the vision. But oh yes, it was he; it was he! The sea, and the sky, and the rocks, and the monotony—they had all changed into paradise.

"How do you do, Ellen?"

Nothing more than this common-place greeting was spoken. They stood in silence, their hands clasped. His lips were quivering slightly, proving how ardent was the feeling that stirred him, at this, their renewed meeting; Ellen, blushing and paling by turns, was agitated almost to pain. A long look into each other's eyes: both saw what the meeting was to the other. Sitting down quietly by her side on the ledge of rock, he accounted for his unexpected appearance. On his arrival at Eastsea that afternoon, he had gone at once to call at Mrs. Cumberland's. Ann said her mistress was lying down, and that Miss Adair was on the beach.

"Did you think I was never coming to see you, Ellen? I did. I could not get away from my uncle's while James was so ill."

"Is he—dead?" hesitated Ellen, looking pointedly at the black clothes.

"Oh no. It is a cousin of Sir Nash's and of my father's who is dead: a very old man, who has lived for years in the south of France. James Bohun is very much better."

"I thought, by the deep mourning, it must be he."

"Is it deep? I suppose it looks so, being all black. We men cannot put on what you ladies call half mourning. Neither should I wish to in the present instance, for the good old man has been generous to me."

They fell into silence, each feeling the rapture of the other's presence, after the prolonged separation, as something more than human. So intense was it that Ellen, at least, might have been content to die in it there and then. The sea changed ever its beautiful colors, the sky seemed to smile on them, the children played overhead, a flute from some unseen boat in the distance was playing softly. No: Eden never could have been sweeter than this.

"What have you been doing, all this while by yourself at Eastsea?" he at length asked her.

"Very much what I am now, I think—sitting here to watch the sea," she answered. "There has been nothing else to do. It was always dull."

"Has Mrs. Cumberland had any visitors?"

"Dr. Rane has been here twice. He gives a poor account of things at Dallory. The strike shows no signs of coming to an end; and the men are in want."

"So Dick says, I get a letter from him sometimes."

A great amount of talking this. They lapsed into silence again. The tide turned; a big steamer went by in the distance.

"Do you hear that Ellen?"

A man's soft tenor voice had struck up a love-song overhead: "Ellen Adair." Robin Adair, as the world more often has it. Arthur Bohun used to hear it sung as "Ellin Adair," when he was recovering from his wound in Ireland; the Irish insisted on it that that was the original song; and he had sometimes got Ellen to sing it so for him since. The children ceased their play; the verses went on, and they, those unseen two below the rocks, listened to the end, catching every word distinctly.

"Yet her I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell.
Oh! I shall ne'er forget,
Ellen Adair."

"Nor I," softly spoke Arthur, as the refrain died away.

They quitted the seat at length. As they passed through the town, the man was singing before a house: "The Minstrel Boy." His hat was in his hand; he looked as though he had seen better days and might have been a gentleman once. Captain Bohun put a shilling into the hat.

Mrs. Cumberland was up when they got in. Ann had told her of Captain Bohun's appearance and that he had gone to find Miss Adair. Mrs. Cumberland took a few minutes for consideration, and then decided on her course of conduct: and that was, to speak to Captain Bohun.

It might have been all very well, while she was armed with no authority, tacitly to countenance Captain Bohun's frequent visits: but now that she had authority, she deemed it right, in justice to Ellen, to take a different standing. If Captain Bohun had serious intentions, well and good; if not, she should request him to bring the intimacy to a close. Feeling the responsibility that lay upon her as the sole guardian in Europe of Ellen Adair, she thought she should be justified in saying thus much: for, unless Arthur Bohun purposed to make the young lady his wife, it was cruel to allow her to love him.

When Mrs. Cumberland once made her mind up to any resolve, she did not usually lose time in putting it in practice: and she lost none here. Taking the opportunity this same evening, when Ellen was out of the room, sent from it by herself on some errand of excuse, she spoke to Captain Bohun.

But the most fastidious man living could not have taken exception to what she said. She spoke entirely as a lady. Captain Bohun's appearance that day at Eastsea—coupled with the remembrance of his frequent sojourns at Niton when they were staying there, and his constant visits to her house at Dallory Ham—had revived a faint idea that had sometimes presented itself to her mind: namely, that he might be growing attached to Ellen Adair. Mrs. Cumberland did not wish to enlarge on this point; it might be, or it might not be; Captain Bohun alone knew; perhaps she was wholly mistaken: all she wished to say was this—that if Captain Bohun *had* no future thoughts in regard to Miss Adair, she must request him to terminate his intimacy at once. When she got back to Dallory Ham she would be glad to see him at her house occasionally, just as any other visitor; but nothing more.

To this Arthur Bohun answered candidly enough. He did like Ellen Adair: if circumstances permitted he would be only too glad to make her his wife: but, as Mrs. Cumberland knew, he had hitherto been very poor. As he pleased, Mrs. Cumberland remarked; the matter was entirely for his own consideration; she did not attempt to press it, one way or the other: if he saw no chance of his circumstances improving, he should freely say so, and terminate his visits: she could not allow Ellen to be played with. And upon that, Arthur begged to have the night for reflection; he would see Mrs. Cumberland in the morning, and give her his decision.

It was left at that. When Ellen returned to the room—entirely unsuspicious of what had been said during her few minutes' absence from it—Captain Bohun took his departure. Arrived at the hotel where he had put up, he devoted himself to the consideration of the grave question, weighing it in all its bearings as fairly as his love for Ellen allowed him to do. Of course that biassed him.

He had enough to marry upon now. By the death of the relative for whom he was in mourning, he had come into about eight hundred a year. With his own income, that made twelve. Quite sufficient to begin upon, though he was a Bohun. But—there were deterring considerations. In some way, as he suspected, his mother, in her fear of Ellen Adair, had contrived to instil a suspicion into the mind of Sir Nash, that Arthur, unless he were closely controlled, might be making a very disgraceful mesalliance. Sir Nash had all the pride of the Bohuns, and it frightened him. He spoke to Arthur, telling him that unless he married entirely to the approbation of his family, he should never allow him to succeed to the estates. No, not to the title if he could help it. If James died, he, Sir Nash, would marry first, and leave direct heirs.

This, it was, that now crippled the decision of Arthur. One fact was known to him—that James Bohun, since this illness set in, had joined his father in cutting off the entail, so that the threat of leaving the estates away from Arthur (even though he succeeded to the title) was easy of accomplishment. What was to be done? Part with Ellen Adair he could not. Oh, if he might but make her his wife without the world knowing it: the world abroad, and the world at home! *Might* this be? Very slowly, Arthur Bohun arrived at a conclusion—that the only plan, if Mrs. Cumberland and Ellen would accede to it, was a private marriage.

Arrangements are so easy when inclination lies with them. The future looks very much as we ourselves paint it. They might be married at once, here at Eastsea. If James Bohun recovered and lived, why there could be no question of the title or the estates lapsing to Arthur, and he might avow his marriage as soon as he pleased. If James died, he should not, as he fully believed, have to conceal it long, for he thought Sir Nash's life quite as precarious as James's. A few months, perhaps only weeks, and he might be able to tell the world that Ellen was his wife. He felt an inclination to whisper it beforehand to his good friend and aunt, Miss Bohun. But, he must first of all ascertain from Mrs. Cumberland what was the social standing of Mr. Adair. Unless he were a gentleman undeniable, Ellen could be no fit wife for a Bohun. Arthur, swayed by his love, had hitherto been content to take this assumed fact for granted: now he saw the necessity of ascertaining it more explicitly. It was not that he had any real doubt; only it was but right to make sure.

Mr. Adair held some post under the British Government, formerly in India, for a long while now in Australia. His wife had died young; his only child, Ellen, had been sent to a first-class school in England for her education. Upon its completion, Mr. Adair had begged of Mrs. Cumberland to receive her: he had some floating thoughts of returning home himself, so that he did not wish Ellen to go out to him. An impression was afloat in Dallory that Ellen Adair would inherit a good fortune; also that Mrs. Cumberland received liberal remuneration for the expenses of the young lady. These generalities Arthur Bohun knew; but he knew no more.

He paid the promised visit to Mrs. Cumberland in the morning. Ellen was on the beach with the maid; there was no interruption, and their converse was long and confidential. Heaven alone knew how Arthur Bohun succeeded in getting Mrs. Cumberland to believe in the necessity for the marriage being kept private. He *did* it. But he used no subterfuge: he frankly told of the prejudice his mother had taken against Ellen Adair, and that she had gained the ear of Sir Nash. In short, the same arguments he had used to himself the previous evening, he urged now. Mrs. Cumberland—naturally biased against Madam from the injury she strove to work Dr. Rane—thought it a frightful shame that she should strive to destroy the happiness and prospects of her own son Arthur, and she sympathized with him warmly. It was this feeling that rendered her more easy than she would otherwise have been—in short, that made her give her consent to Arthur's plan. To counteract the would-be bitter wrong contemplated by Mrs. North, she considered would be a merit on Arthur's part, instead of a sin. And then, when things were so far settled, and the speedy marriage determined on, Mrs. Cumberland astonished Captain Bohun by putting Mr. Adair's letter into his hands, explaining how it came to be received, and what she had written to that gentleman to call it forth. "So that her father's blessing will rest on the marriage," remarked Mrs. Cumberland: "but for that fact, I could not have consented to a private one."

This gave Arthur the opportunity to ask about the position of Mr. Adair—which, in the heat of argument, he had been forgetting. Certainly he was a gentleman, Mrs. Cumberland answered, and of very good Scotch family. Major Bohun, Mr. Adair, and her own husband, George Cumberland, had been firm friends in India at the time of Major Bohun's death. She could not help thinking, she added in conclusion, that it was the remembrance of that early friendship which induced Mr. Adair to give so ready and cordial a consent to his daughter's union with Major Bohun's son.

And so there the matter ended, all couleur-de-rose: Arthur believing that there could be no possible objection to his marrying Ellen Adair; nay, that the way had been most markedly paved for it through this letter of Mr. Adair's; Mrs. Cumberland deeming that she was not indiscreet in permitting the marriage to be a private one. Both were unsuspicious as the day. He, that there existed any real bar; she, that Mr. Adair's consent applied to a very different man from Arthur Bohun.

Captain Bohun went out from Mrs. Cumberland's in search of Ellen, with the light of love flushing his cheeks. He found her in the same favorite sheltered spot, hedged in from the gaze of the world. Their salutations hitherto had been nothing but decorum and formality: as witness that of the previous day.

"Good-morning," said Ellen, rising and holding out her hand.

Instead of taking it, he took *her*. Took her in his arms with a half-cry of pent-up emotion, and laid her sweet face upon his breast, kissing it with impassioned kisses. Ellen utterly astonished, could not get away.

"Do not shrink from me, my darling. It is all right, Ellen. You are going to be my wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPEAKING of "personals," a gentleman, who has been bitten by the arithmetical mania, has ciphered out the time, within six weeks, of the death of Methuselah. That patriarch died in the year of the world 1656, *the very year of the flood.* Unless, therefore—which is too dreadful to be believed—he was actually drowned in the deluge, he must have died in the first week of the year; for Noah went into the ark on the seventeenth day of the second month, being then a middle-aged man of 600, doubtless just beginning to be flecked with gray. His father, Lamech, cut off prematurely at the age of 777, died five years before the flood. Jubal, recently sung by George Eliot, belonged to the same generation as Methuselah. His sister, Naamah, is said by tradition to have espoused Ham; in which case, supposing the lives of the two branches of the family to have been of about equal duration, she would be an elderly lady of some 900 years at the time of her espousals.

☞ A party of Americans in Switzerland gratified their dislike of the country by teaching the natives base-ball, and the mania has spread till their revenge is complete and terrible.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINES; Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 3 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE RECENT BATTLES.

As nearly as we can make it out, the result of the first series of battles between the Prussians and the French, shattered between two and three of the seven great corps into which the French army was divided.

The Prussian successes would appear to be the result of massing their forces just where they were wanted, and thus obtaining the preponderance of force. They have taken a leaf out of the great Napoleon's strategy, not being too proud to learn of an enemy. It would seem to have been thus a triumph of generalship.

The French line has been thrown back some twenty miles, leaving a strip of French territory of that width in the possession of the Prussians.

Before we go to press another great battle may be fought, which may either bring the Prussians to the fortifications of Paris, or fling them back to the Rhine. God be with the Right! or, rather, God *is* with the Right, alike in victory or defeat.

THE hut on Mount Washington, called the Tip Top House, rents for $3,000 for the season—about six weeks usually. The charges are six dollars a day.

And a friend informed us not long since, that he never came nearer being smothered in his life than last year in that same Tip Top House. Although on the top of Mount Washington, it seemed impossible to get a breath of air in his room—the windows were so small and few. And then the dampness of the bed clothes and of the whole house was such, that he got a touch of rheumatism that might which he did not fully recover from for months. We therefore advise our readers to beware how they take lodgings at the Tip Top House, under the idea that they are about to have a Tip Top time. The altitude is Tip Top, and the charges Tip Top, but the discomforts of a night's lodging are something a little short of purgatory. At least this was our friend's experience—other travellers, at a more favorable time, may have a pleasanter story to tell of a night on Mount Washington.

THE American Legion, to which we alluded some days ago, says Galignani's Messenger of July 29, has definitely obtained leave to organize itself. It will be five hundred strong—all Americans, except the commander-in-chief, who will be French, and appointed by the Minister of War. It will form part of the other free corps in course of organization.

We should think better of the good sense of our countrymen abroad, if they would keep out of all "legions" on either side.

BATTLES AND RAIN.—We see that after the late battle they had rains in north-eastern France. The effect of heavy discharges of artillery in causing rain was frequently noted during the late war in this country. Whether our own recent very severe thunderstorms had anything to do with the battle three thousand miles off, is a question for the philosophers to puzzle over.

THE New York papers are worrying themselves greatly about the yellow fever which they say is in Philadelphia.

Some of the New York papers are a good deal infected with the yellow fever of Jealousy, which frequently breaks out in ugly splotches in their columns. What small potatoes it is—this little rivalry between the large American cities. Suppose a neighboring city is larger than your own, what of it? Can we not strive to build ourselves up, without striving to pull others down? A little innocent fun occasionally is one thing, but a serious attempt to injure by lying and detraction and unfair rivalry is another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D., Literary Editor of the "Philadelphia Press." With Personal Recollections and Anecdotes; Letters by "Boz," never before published; and uncollected Papers in Prose and Verse. With Portrait and Autograph. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Venetia," "Henrietta Temple," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Woman's Friendship," "Mother's Recompense," "Vale of Cedars," etc. In two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Devoted to the Development of the Country. For August. Published by John H. Carmany & Co., San Francisco; and also for sale by the American News Company, 116, 119, 121 Nassau St., New York.

THE XIX. CENTURY. For July. Published by the "Nineteenth Century Co.," Charleston, S. C.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the "Punchinello Publishing Company, 83 Nassau St., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For August. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Interesting to Soldiers—New Homestead Law.

To answer the numerous inquiries addressed to the Interior Department, the following information is furnished respecting the act of July 15, 1870, granting additional rights to soldiers desiring to enter homesteads on lands within railroad limits:

Under the original act only 80 acres, at $2 50, of land could be entered as a homestead. By the amendatory act any honorably discharged soldier, who has served not less than ninety days in the military, naval, marine or revenue marine service during the rebellion, is entitled to enter as a homestead 160 acres of $2 50 land, upon payment of the legal fee of $10, and the usual commission on the cash value of the lands, allowed as compensation to the Register and Receiver.

The requirements as to the personal residence upon and improvement and cultivation of the homestead selected, are not waived or altered in any respect, they being the fundamental conditions upon which all the provisions of the original homestead law and the acts amendatory are based.

Montezuma's Long Sleep.

The stone face in the desert near Gila Bend is believed by the Mexican Indians to be that of Montezuma, who will one day awaken from his long sleep. "So strong is the belief in some parts of Mexico," says the Overland Monthly, "that people who passed through that country years ago tell of some localities where fires were kept constantly burning in anticipation of Montezuma's early coming. It looks as though the stern face up there was just a little softened in its expression by the deep slumber that holds the eyelids over the commanding eye, and all nature seems hushed into death-like stillness. Day after day, year after year, century after century, slumbers the man up there on the height, and life and vegetation sleep on the arid plains below—a slumber never disturbed, a sleep never broken, for the battle-cry of Yuma, Pimo and Maricopo, that once rang at the foot of the mountains, did not reach Montezuma's ear; and the dying shrieks of the children of those who came far over the seas to rob him of his sceptre and crown fall unheeded on the rocks and the deserts that guard his sleep."

☞ The Newark Advertiser argues that the reason why New Jersey receives so large a share of the leading Government appointments is, that "it has the men for the places; men who not only possess ability, but have been bred in that school of self-respect and personal honor which is the pride of our state, and which manifests itself here in a pure and able judiciary, an eminent bar, a general respect for law and the obligations of commercial codes, and in the prompt punishment of crimes, no matter in what rank of society they may occur."

☞ The yacht Magic, Franklin Osgood owner, won the race at New York—twelve yachts competing. The Dauntless was second, and about one minute behind. The America was fourth, and fourteen minutes behind. The Cambria, disabled, came in twenty-eight minutes behind.

☞ The poor of Berlin are miserably housed. The last census showed that a tenth of the whole population of the city lives in cellar dwellings, which are so destructive of good health. Besides these, seven per cent. live in dwellings from five to six stories high.

☞ Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, is not only a gallant man, but jocose. He was riding in a car lately with a friend, when two young men came in, escorting two young ladies. There were no vacant seats, and the Governor and his friend surrendered theirs to the ladies. What was their astonishment to see the young men occupy the seats and take the young ladies in their laps! "By George," said the Governor, "we might have done that!"

☞ "My dear," said a sentimental wife, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost me about twice as much as any other spot."

☞ "Oh, mother," said a little boy, as he stood looking at a lake by moonlight, "see how the moon sprinkles down on the water!"

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Yellow Springs is situated in the Miami Valley, about mid-way between Cincinnati and Columbus. The name is derived from the fact that the famous Yellow Spring, said to contain superior medicinal qualities, is situated in the suburbs on the property of Mr. Neff. During the past year a very elegant and capacious hotel, known as the Neff House, has been erected near the Spring, at an expense of $200,000. This is one of the most inviting summer resorts in the country, being second to but one in this state. Our village is also the location of Antioch College, founded by Horace Mann in 1853. This institution furnishes equal facilities of education to both sexes, and has thus far been a grand success. Among her trustees are Rev. G. W. Hosmer, D. D., President, Rev. H. W. Bellows of New York, and Rev. E. E. Hale of Boston.

CROPS.—The crops in this vicinity are not so heavy as usual, owing to drought in early spring. There is about three-fourths of a crop of wheat and oats, and from present appearances corn will be the same. Then there was a good yield of small fruit, but apples and peaches are almost a complete failure here. MARLAU.

A Live Lord Loose in this Country.

A question which for a long time past has excited considerable interest and conjecture in English society is, What has become of Lord Aberdeen? This young nobleman, a young man of twenty-three, left England about two years ago without giving any clue to his whereabouts, and has not communicated with either his friends or his family since. Information has reached them, however, that he shipped as a common sailor on board a merchantman, bound, it is believed for this country, and it is further stated to have been ascertained that he has since passed the examination for his ship as mate. No satisfactory cause is assigned for this strange conduct, but it has been supposed that, having taken up the notion that his estate is more heavily encumbered than it really is, he has resolved to live for some years merely on the fruit of his own earnings, while a sufficient sum accumulates to liquidate the charges on the property. Meanwhile there is said to be a very large sum of money lying to his credit at his banker's, which might be profitably applied.

Lord Aberdeen is grandson of the Lord Aberdeen who was Premier of England in 1854. The family is remarkable for taciturnity, and Haddo, the ancestral seat, was said in the Minister's time to be the most oppressively silent house in England.

The brother of the present peer, a promising young fellow, remarkable for his extraordinary skill with a rifle, died under melancholy and mysterious circumstances when a student at Cambridge, and his family have never been able to communicate this sad event to the elder brother.

Lord Aberdeen is not the only man of his rank, in the present generation, who has proved impatient of its condition, and determined to adopt the ease of a different phase of existence. Lord Ockham, who, had he lived, would now be Lord Wentworth—Byron's grandson, and heir to his father's earldom of Lovelace—evinced a similar taste. After a great deal of strange and troublesome conduct Lord Ockham took regular employ in the yard of Sir. Scott Russell, the eminent London ship-builder. On one occasion, having need of money for the purchase of some instruments, he wrote to his grandmother, Lady Noel Byron, for the required sum, which was promptly supplied. The check was drawn to the order of Viscount Ockham, and he accordingly, in his workman's dress, walked into a great London banking-house and presented it. The clerk glanced at it, and then handed it back, saying, "It is drawn to order, and needs his Lordship's endorsement," upon which, to the indignation of the officer, the rough mechanic seized a pen and scribbled "Ockham" on the back. The scandalized clerk immediately signalled the constable in attendance to arrest the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was led into the parlor to be confronted with a partner.

"Want is all this about?" asked Mr. G——. The clerk explained the circumstance. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Ockham." Mr. G——, who knew the family and the peculiar circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said to the clerk, "Yes, it is quite right, pay the check." Lord Ockham at the time of his death was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were almost to the last ignorant of the real position of the suitor.

An idea prevails in England that Lord Aberdeen is in this country; and should he chance to read this notice of him, it is desired that it may lead him to relieve the anxiety of his family.

[The above is from the N. Y. Post. Probably in a few weeks, there will be a dozen Lord Aberdeens (pretenders) in various parts of the country.]

THE last number of the National Medical Journal contains a paper written by Dr. John H. Griscom, of this city, and recommending the use of the sulphite of soda—a compound of sulphurous acid and soda—in almost all diseases dependent upon the vitiated condition of the blood, whether caused by the inhalation of malaria or vitiation of food, and almost every disorder of contagious and infectious character. Diarrhœa, cholera infantum, dysentery, and many severe diseases of the skin have been relieved almost immediately upon its digestion, and more quickly than by any other articles of materia medica. It is also held to be perfectly and rapidly curative in some cases of typhoid and intermittent fever, erysipelas, scarlatina, dyspepsia, nausea, syphilis, catarrh, and rectal hemorrhage. The sulphite of soda, which must not be mistaken for the sulphate of soda, is in short a sort of panacea. About twenty grains is a dose for an adult.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ WANTS ONE WORD CHANGED.—"There is but one word in the Bible that I would have changed," said a pretty girl in our hearing, the other day. "It is where the Lord says, 'If a man strikes thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also.' It is the word 'strike'—I would have it *kiss*."

☞ A young woman went to Stewart's, in Broadway, New York, the other day, and asked for ten yards of cloth suitable for primitive triangular appendages for her baby.

Too Much for Him.

A French paper relates a thrilling scene which lately occurred in a Parisian *mairie*. A couple presented themselves to be married, the bride about eighteen years of age, and possessed of considerable personal attractions; the bridegroom, an extremely small man, aged forty-five. When the ceremony was concluded, the door of the hall was burst open, and a woman of gigantic stature, accompanied by a thin damsel of fifteen, burst into the room and elbowed her way through the semicircle of guests.—"Wretch, scoundrel, thief!" she cried, addressing the husband, who turned as white as a sheet; "this is how you leave me in the lurch, who have sighed during fifteen years for the day when I might call myself your wife!" Saying this she seized the unhappy man by the collar and jerked him up under her left arm as though he were a crush hat, taking no notice of his struggles. She addressed the mayor in a voice of thunder, "Do I arrive too late?" "The marriage has taken place," replied the mayor, "and I request you to release M. Augustin, and to retire." "Not," said the giantess, "without giving his deserts to the villian who leaves me with this girl here." "No, no, that girl is not mine," howled the little man. He had better have remained silent. The giantess frantically raised him in the air, and whirled him round her head. "Repeat what you have said!" she shrieked; "this child, who is as like you as one pea is to another—is she yours or not?" M. Augustin did not open his mouth. His executioner then seized his nose with her left hand and wrung it violently. About this time two of the guests, moved by the entreaties of the bride, attempted to interfere; but the enraged woman, using the bridegroom as a weapon, and brandishing him at arm's length, charged her opponents with such a fury that she put them speedily to flight. "Call the police," cried the mayor. "You need not give yourself the trouble," hoarsely ejaculated the giantess; "I will let go the rascal of my own accord. Here, my beauty," addressing the bride, "is your little bit of a man. I have not broken him. We have no further business here. Follow me, Baptistine," and so saying she flung down her victim at the feet of two agents of police, who at that moment appeared at the door. "I go," she added; "but let him ever appear before me on his wife's arm, and I will take him between my thumb and forefinger and make but one mouthful of him." "This little incident," says the paper relating the circumstance, "cast quite a gloom over the assembled guests, and no one dared even to pick the fainting bridegroom from the floor until the last echo of the heavy footsteps of the injured fair one had died away in the distance, when they raised him to his feet, and in solemn silence took their departure."

☞ Tom, twitting Sam on the extraordinary size of his understandings, said to him: "You must take cold easily, Sam; I should think you would be sick all the time." "How so?" asked Sam. "Why," replied Tom, "because there's so much of you on the ground."

☞ "I have a good mind to present you with a silver cup," said a grateful friend. "I shall so prize it," was the reply; "it will keep you ever in my mind." "Yet nothing ornate and costly, my friend, but just a plain mug—like your own."

☞ The London Lancet says there is nothing like the following for the cure of felons:—"As soon as the pulsation, which indicates the disease, is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can instantly be taken out with the point of a needle or lancet."

☞ Let all haymakers take warning from the retribution which has overtaken Moses Lyman of Huntington, Mass. This agricultural person, having just cut his hay, was driven to great indignation by an untimely tempest, and even swore roundly at the thunder. Those who were about him remonstrated, and predicted that if he went on abusing the thunder in that way, the lightning would be sure to strike his house. They were right. The lightning did strike his house, taking particular care, however, not to injure any of the inmates. It now becomes a question whether it is exactly safe to swear at the sun, even in the hottest weather; for perhaps the poor people who have been sunstruck were guilty of precisely that most natural indiscretion.

☞ The memory of the two-faced god Janus is perpetrated in a double-headed locomotive, built by Mason of Taunton, after a style invented by Robert Fairlie of England. It drew from Worcester, the other day, 40 freight cars, half of which were loaded. It would have drawn more, had not the pump given out—a defect easily remedied and by no means vital. This dual engine has one boiler with two heads, and at each end rests on six driving wheels. The cab rests on the boiler, over the center, where one lever lets out the steam. The water-tanks and bunkers for coal are above the boilers on each side of the cab. In going in one direction one half of the locomotive is going ahead and the other backing, and the latter goes ahead when the steam is reversed, and the other half backs. Thus the necessity of turn tables is avoided, and it is claimed the same amount of steam in such an engine will accomplish more than in one of the ordinary kinds.

☞ "Whists" is the latest name given to dances at summer resorts. It describes the gay scenes much better than the word "hops."

☞ Later returns from the North Carolina election state that five Conservative and two Republican Congressmen have been elected. The Legislature is estimated to stand: Senate, 32 Conservatives, 18 Republicans; House, 73 Conservatives, 45 Republicans.

☞ A New York couple have quarrelled over their silver wedding presents, and each applied for a divorce.

☞ A Providence policeman asked a drunken Ethiop whom he could scarcely see in the dim light of a station-house cell—"Are you colored?" "Colored, no; dis year chile born so."

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply; "I never have rendered him any service."

☞ An assistant United States Marshal in Louisville, in taking the census, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, to which she replied: "Nothin' but dese tree chillen yere, an' dey aint worth much since the 'manicipation procklermation!"

☞ THE POKER.—The fire-poker, by constant use, becomes soft, and is generally more or less bent. This arises from its being left in the fire and becoming red-hot, and then being put on the fender, where it slowly cools—an operation which softens the best steel. When a poker has thus become soft and bent, it may be again hardened by making it hot two or three times, and plunging it every time that it is hot into a pail of cold water. The rapidly cooling of steel makes it again hard.

☞ CHARMINGLY ORIGINAL.—One of the charmingly original lady lecturers on Women's Rights, recently declared in one of her lectures, with much emphasis, that she demanded for her sex "equal equipotency with the men." This is a "stunner."

☞ During the trial of a case in Louisville recently, a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this of course the attorneys objected, and it was ruled out by the judge. He would proceed again to tell "shust how it vas" when the attorney would sing out. "How do you know that?" "My vife told me," was the answer. This was repeated several times. Presently the judge becoming unable to contain himself longer, interrupted: "Suppose your wife were to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?" "Vell, den I dinks dey vas down."

☞ The friends of people killed by the Indians can have the consolation of knowing what tribe the murderer belongs to by observing a few simple rules laid down for scalping by different tribes. The Cheyennes remove a piece, not larger than a silver dollar, from immediately over the left ear; the Arapahoes take the same over the right ear. Others take from the crown, forehead, or nape of the neck. The Utes take the entire scalp from ear to ear, and from forehead to nape of neck.

☞ A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—A French gentleman gives a culinary receipt which can be used in many ways. "Do you wish to know how to cook 'cotelettes a la Metternich?' You have only to broil them like ordinary cutlets and call them 'cotelettes a la Metternich' when you serve them."

☞ PRESERVATION OF DEAD ANIMALS BY CARBOLIC ACID.—Among other applications of kreosote or carbolic acid, it is said that animals of almost any size can be preserved perfectly, by immersion and saturation in its solution, the time required being from one to four weeks according to size. For the larger animals an incision should be made in the abdomen to allow the liquid to penetrate; for the smaller ones this is not necessary. The body remains elastic after drying and the plumage of birds retains its lustre. An improvement on this method consists in injecting a mixture of glycerine and carbolic acid into external apertures and cavities of the animal.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—1000 bbls changed hands, including superfine at $5,50@5,75; extras at $6@6,50; Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota extra family at $6,75@7,25; Pennsylvania extra family at $7@7,75; Indiana and Ohio do do at $7,25@8, and fancy lots at $8,50@9 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour sells, in lots, at $5,25.

GRAIN—16,000 bus of prime old Pennsylvania red sold at $1,52; 2000 bus of new Indiana red at $1,46; 1200 bus do at $1,46½, and 1400 bus new Ohio and Indiana, in lots, at $1,47. Rye is steady at $1,10@1,12 for old Pennsylvania and Western. Corn dull; sales of 2500 bus Pennsylvania yellow at $1@1,00, and 4000 bus mixed at 75@76c. Oats dull at 50@51c for old Pennsylvania, and 50@51c for new Southern; sales of 6000 bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $20@21 ₩ bbl; Bacon hams at 22@24c, and pickled hams at 20@21c. Salt shoulders sold at 14@14½c ₩ lb; smoked shoulders at 15c, and Lard at 17@17½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—300 bales of middlings sold at 30@30½c ₩ lb for uplands and New Orleans.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $9@10 ₩ bus. Timothy at $4.75@5. Flaxseed at $2,35 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,500 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 2250 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 13,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

The Order of the Day.

A general order for SOZODONT. In the teeth of all opposition it has become the supreme dentrifice of the age.

No impurity can infest the teeth cleaned daily with Sozodont. Quillay, the bark of the Chilian Soap Tree, an article which possesses cleansing properties superior to those of any other known substance, is one of the ingredients of this peerless compound. Sozodont is the only dentrifice in existence in which this salubrious botanical product is incorporated.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy about the house, mends everything.

An Interview Between a Doctor and his Patient.

Three months ago Mr. James Henry Redding, of 509 Grove street, New York, was, as he supposed, not far from death's door. His physician—considered a skillful one—had given him up, pronouncing his complaint atrophy. He was fearfully wasted and debilitated, had a constant pain in his right side, ate scarcely enough to keep a baby alive, and was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture, a clerk in the establishment where he had been employed, persuaded him to try a course of PLANTATION BITTERS. Last week he returned to business; his health being quite restored.

The other day, on his way home, he met the physician who attended him, when the following conversation occurred;—"What!" said the doctor; "is this you?"

"Even so," replied Mr. Redding quietly. "You're not sorry to find yourself a false prophet, I hope?"

"No, no; certainly not. But it's a miracle. How was it, my dear fellow? how was it?" Mr. R. told him the story of his recovery (ascribing it wholly to the Bitters) and is willing to confirm it verbally or by letter whenever applied to.

The new food-source, SEA MOSS FARINE, is becoming very popular with all classes. As a table-delicacy, it is the cheapest and most delicious in the world.

Interesting to Ladies.

"My wife has a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that she has used for more than five years. It has cost nothing for repairs in that time, and has given entire satisfaction in every respect."—*D. R. Smith, Fort Deposit, Ind.*

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O' Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

CURES ITCH, TETTER. CURES SALT RHEUM. CURES ITCHING PILES. CURES BARBER'S ITCH. ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cent. a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eowtf

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

P. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE, CURED AND PREVENTED BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPTHERIA, INFLUENZA SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES, BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested, it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilarant that can be administered in a case of this kind is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is re-awakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the beneficient operation of the Bitters been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected with these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." aug6-4t

What Did It?—Lyon's Kathairon made my hair soft, luxuriant and thick, and Hagan's Magnolia Balm changed that sallow complexion into the marble beauty you now see. This is emphatically the language of all who use these articles. A fine head of hair and a refined complexion are the greatest attractions a woman can possess. The Kathairon and Magnolia Balm are just what will give them to you, and nothing else will. The Balm is the bloom of youth. It makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. Both articles are entirely harmless, and very pleasant. They should be in every lady's possession. aug6-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 136 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. HOBART S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and Cabinet Organ, for further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Vale New London Co., Conn.

Music Vale Seminary

jy2-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. JACOB WISNER, Jr., to Miss KATE CHIL, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, GYORGE GOURNAY, M. D., to Mrs. AMANDA G. POTTER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. EDMUND D. KIDD to Miss SUE H. BARTON, daughter of Benj. H. Barton, Esq., both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Newton, Mr. THEODORE V. BOSWORTH to Miss LIZZIE C. MOTT, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., WILLIAM B. FAUNCE to Miss ROSANNA M. DALBY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mr. N. H. WOODS, Printer, aged 70 years.

On the 9th instant, MARTHA E., wife of Geo. W. Fulton, in her 28th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM C. MARNER, in his 41st year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM H. ELLICOTT, aged 39 years.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE KEYSER, in his 90th year.

On the 7th instant, MRS. REBECCA HEMPHILL, in her 78th year.

On the 7th instant, CATHARINE AKINS, in her 42d year.

On the 6th instant, MR. THOMAS RUSSELL, in his 86th year.

On the 6th instant, REBECCA, wife of Wm. Bowen, in her 81st year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL, ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Summer Conveniences.

REFRIGERANTS.

During the heated term all cooking appliances are in demand; hence we forego our narrative of fashions in dress, and chronicle some of the devices by which housekeepers preserve the good things of the table fresh and sweet. To begin with refrigerators, the upright closet-shape is preferable to flat chests, because in the former the ice is placed at the top, the provisions below, and the cold air descending produces a light, dry, cold temperature in the provision chambers, instead of the damp, heavy air that fills flat chests where the ice must be placed at the bottom. In arranging provisions in a refrigerator the strongest-flavored fruits should be placed lowest. Butter, fruits, and meat should not be permitted to come in contact with melting ice, as this hastens decay. To keep zinc-lined closets pure and clean they should have, besides their daily cleansing, a thorough wash with saleratus water once or twice a week.

A new refrigerator is commended from the fact that its temperature may be controlled. Its provision chamber may be made sufficiently cold to arrest decay in the fruits and meats placed within it without freezing them, or it may be made cold enough to freeze milk, wine, or water in a very short time. All moisture that would promote decay is frozen, leaving the air so perfectly dry that game and fruit have been preserved in it for six weeks. The ice is powdered and mixed with salt. There is a separate compartment for ice for table use. From $38 to $55 is the price.

The Nonpareil continues in favor as a refrigerator for family use. The ice chamber is at the top, the wire shelves for provisions below. It is lined with zinc and filled in with charcoal. Small sizes of this patent are sold for $16; large ones are more expensive in proportion, as a wine cooler, with separate lock and key, is attached to them. The Alaska refrigerator is said to consume less ice than any others—a consideration of importance this season. The ice chamber has a galvanized iron floor not easily penetrated by the ice-pick.

Among the novelties is a refrigerator and water cooler combined, made of cast iron with white porcelain lining throughout. It is encased in black walnut, and the faucet of the water cooler is silver plated, thus making a handsome piece of furniture. The prices range from $45 to $55.

Another ornamental and useful novelty is the rotary shelf refrigerator, a sort of ice cabinet of octangular shape, made of chestnut or walnut, very prettily decorated, and mounted on casters. The inside is a perfect cylinder filled with shelves of cast iron, arranged to revolve, and thus bring to the door at the front any article that may be desired. The ice is placed on a dish above the shelves and covered with galvanized iron. A water cooler is attached.

An ice cupboard of japanned tin about two feet square is shown, for the convenience of people who board or keep house in small apartments. A chamber at the top is partitioned off for ice, while the shelves below are arranged for milk and water pitchers. The wine cooler has a separate lock. Price $15.

WATER COOLERS, FREEZERS, ETC.

The Dominion water cooler is an improvement on the old plan, as it has a separate chamber for the ice in the centre, keeping it apart from the water, and, therefore, making it last longer. A cooler of japanned tin, colored and grained in imitation of oak, and large enough to hold two gallons of water, costs $8. A new water filter is claimed to be a purifier of water, removing from it all taste, color, and odor.

The best ice-cream freezers have inside dashers that beat the cream constantly while it is freezing, making the frozen mass perfectly smooth, and at the same time hastening congelation. Freezers of this kind, holding two quarts, costs $3.30; for each additional quart $1 is added to the price. The cottage freezer, of simplest construction, is $2.75 for half-gallon sizes. In mixing pounded ice and salt for freezing cream the proportion should be one part of salt to three of ice. By adding more salt the freezing will be hastened, but the cream will freeze in flakes instead of in a smooth mass. French moulds shape the cream into fanciful or frozen statuettes of nymphs and flower-girls, or harlequins and clowns. More popular than these are the fluted pyramids for bowls, or flat block moulds for low broad salvers. The pyramidal moulds cost from $1 to $1.75. Individual moulds, holding only enough cream for one saucer, are shaped like fruit or shells; price 75 cents.

Ice pitchers of plated silver are of jug and barrel shape, with a lining of glass half an inch thick. These are preferable to unlined metallic pitchers, as the metal acts upon the water and soon becomes perceptible to the taste, if the water is not renewed frequently. The glass lining is screwed in so that it may by readily removed to clean it, and is too thick to be easily broken. Such pitchers cost about $20.

Silver-plated wine coolers have a cylindrical centre for a bottle, separated from the ice basin. A rim of silver at the top conceals the ice basin. Price $15.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES.

Many other new and convenient things are shown at the house-furnishing stores. Among these is a bread and cake closet, which is an improvement on the ordinary cake box. This is a small tin cupboard, with separate apartments for bread and cake, and a drawer for small cakes. The door, painted in imitation of papier mache, opens the full length of the cupboard, and is fastened by a lock and key. There are three sizes, costing from $3 to $4 50. A plate-draining rack is a series of wooden upright divisions with rests in front. The plates stand separated and edgewise between the partitions, secure from being broken, and the water drains from them into a dish below. Cups, tumblers, and other small articles are placed on the rests in front. Price $5. A new tea-strainer is fastened by a spring to the spout of the tea-pot, keeping it stationary, instead of swinging back and forth and dropping the tea on the salver. A peach-stoner is a very sharp knife with a half curve in the centre of the blade, for carving out the stone of a peach, or for coring apples: price 35 cents. A simple and convenient knife-sharpener consists of a couple of porcelain knobs, with a band of emery between, over which the knife edge is to be passed. The price is 60 cents.

A seasonable novelty is an apparatus for preserving fruits and vegetables by steaming them. A boiler, with a projecting base, on which the jars of fruit rest, has pipes at the top, through which the steam is conveyed inside the jar, permeating the fruit, and preparing it to be sealed up in a very short time. In this way the fruit is preserved with all its natural flavor, its form is retained, and many fruits will keep their original color. Prices vary, according to the number of pipes, from $3 to $6.

Among cooking utensils are new broilers and gridirons that promise to do away with that chief of all culinary atrocities—fried meat soaked in burned grease. One of these, having a covered top and wire bottom, professes to broil a steak in seven minutes, retaining all its juices and flavors, without requiring any preparation of the fire—a blazing fire serving as well as a bed of coals. It answers for stoves of all sizes, and may be used for toasting bread, baking potatoes, and, if a finer wire grate is added, for roasting coffee and popping corn. Price $2. A gridiron for cooking meat on top of a stove has a grooved iron bottom for holding the gravy, and a close-fitting cover of tin for retaining the flavor: $1 50 to $2. A reversible griddle for cakes has four small sunken forms for cakes, making them all of the same size. The griddle is covered, and reversed from side to side, as waffle-irons are, thus browning both sides of the cakes alike. Price $1 75.

For the laundry are smooth and brightly polished flounce-irons, useful in this era of ruffles and furbelows. They are long-pointed and slender, not measuring more than two inches at their greatest breadth. Price $1. Other irons have the handles wrapped with fancy-colored leather strips, forming a checkered pattern, and serving to protect the hands from the heat. Small fluting-irons, with revolving cylinders turned by a crank, are sold for $7 50. The Climax iron does both fluting and crimping, and has a clamp, moved by the foot, for holding the cylinders apart while the ruffles are being placed between; price $11.

For the dining-room are new chairs made with very high short arms, sufficient to give ample rest, and yet leave room for a lady's skirts between the chair and the table. Though made of massive-looking walnut, and upholstered with scarlet or green morocco, the chair is almost as light as an ordinary cane-seated chair. Handsomely studded with silver or brass nails, they cost $14 each. Gong-bells for the dining-room, silvery toned, yet loud enough to reverberate through a small house, range from $1.50 to $7. Breakfast casters in the new square shape are made of silvered wire. Netted wire stands for fruit are sold for $1. A new silver plating, sold for cleaning plated silver, gives it the appearance of a fresh coating of silver. It is $1 a bottle. For cleansing pure silverware silversmiths say there is nothing better than to dip the article in boiling water, wipe with a soft muslin cloth, and then polish with chamois leather.

A pretty folding chair for country parlors or chambers is called the French cottage chair. It is made of crimson or blue cords, held together by rubber bands, in an open pattern. It is as cool and softer than cane-seated chairs. Price $12. A folding chair of oak, with cane back and seat, and with movable chintz cushions, is $11. A rustic settee for two is made of knotted branches of dark woods: price $18. Swinging hammocks for summer siestas under shady trees are $5.

The handsomest mosquito nets for this season are of pink or white lace, edged with white ball fringe. They are made with square or oblong canopies, suspended from the ceiling and draping the bed to the floor. Various arrangements are shown for contracting them into a small space during the day. $10 to $15 is the price of a handsome net. Plainer netting is $6 or $8.—*Bazar.*

☞ A countryman stopped at the Maxwell House, Nashville, for dinner. The waiter inquired what he would have, and was told by the countryman to bring "something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully for a moment, and then broke out, "Well, I like your samples; now bring me dinner."

☞ The Rev. Albert Barnes, when he writes (his sight is poor), uses the writing-frame on which Prescott, the historian, wrote his last works. It is a frame with wires across to guide the glass pencil, so that one can write with eyes closed.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

BY P. T. TROWBRIDGE.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
  Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
  Among the dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundles of patches, hid
  Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
  The heirlooms of a by-gone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
  There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
  Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
  Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long disused, dismantled loom,
  Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
  A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window stitching:
  Spindle buzzes and reel is whirled
With many a click. On her little stool
  She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching and dabbling her feet in the pool
  Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
  To her wakening sense, the first sweet warning
Of daylight come, is the cheerful song
  To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
  On his way to school, peeps in at the gate:
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
  She reaches a hand to her bashful mate.

And under the elms a prattling pair,
  Together they go, through glimmer and gloom—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
  In the low-raftered garret room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
  The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in harmony linked together:
  And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
  Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread with the spindle-tip,
  Stretching it out and winding it in.
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
  Singing she goes, and her heart is full;
And many a long-drawn golden thread
  Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
  Puffing his pipe by the chimney side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
  Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm chair
  Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
  Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave to the bridal,
  They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
  It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
  The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,
  And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
  The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
  And tells his story, and joins his flute;
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter;
  They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
  When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part;
  Oh, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
  Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
  She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
  And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? Oh, Benjie! and could you steel
  Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
  In duty and love that lightens wo;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
  To drive away the dull day's dreariness—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
  Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted and spoiled was she;
  A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
  In the great, gay city grows estranged.
One year: she sits in the old church pew—
  A rustle, a murmur—Oh, Dorothy! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view!
  'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead—
  And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
  Walks up the long, dim isle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
  Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
  That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
  Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
  Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
  Groping under the farmhouse eaves—
And life is a brief November day
  That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
  Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
  Are pearls more precious than happiness!
And in that morning when she shall wake
  To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
  And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Sun-Dial Mottoes.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

Sun-dials are not abundant in England. They do not take kindly to the land of shadow and mist. They want the southern noons of Italy and Greece to call them into being. They are plentiful enough on the Riviera. Some years ago in travelling that mountain path from Cannes to Genoa, I encountered so many, that I determined at last to copy their mottoes; for each had its motto ostentatiously placed. No man could look up at those same dials without finding a sermon—it might be a pithy aphorism thereon—such as he could take away, turn over, and sagaciously ruminate upon. A hungry rustic, for example, impatient for the dinner-hour, might—if he could read Latin, that is—be told of the "emptiness of earthly food to satisfy man's cravings." Thus, coveting grosser sustenance, he would receive mental food, and each time he looked at the clock, the chance was renewed of his becoming a wiser and a better man. The road runs up and down through hoary olive-groves and purple vineyards; by hamlet and village on the mountain slopes. Here, day after day, at every village we passed, I drew up at the market-place, and took down the motto from the sun-dial. It was usually written in good bold letters, over a white-washed space marked out with skeleton shadows, and the hours in a circle. A long iron spike stood out at an angle from the wall to tell the time on the whitewash.

How ancient an institution the sun-dial may be, we are not going to ask here. It is very certain that King Ahaz knew of it. Herodotus says the Babylonians first adopted it as a measure of the day. The old Egyptians seem to have done without a dial. Unless, indeed, those stately obelisks soaring into the blue heaven at On and Thebes, may have served as gnomons and pointers, whose shadows, travelling round on the plain, marked off the circling hours upon the desert sands, even as the solemn ruins now strewn beside them mark off milleniums on the sands of time. As for the modern Egyptians, they still have a way—those of Upper Egypt, at least—of planting a palm rod in a space of flat ground, and counting time by its shadow falling on stones arranged in a circle. I have seen a *fellah* leave his buffalo in the furrow, and with all the glee of a school-boy whose playtime was come, rush up to this primitive contrivance to see whether he might quit work—whether, in fact, the shadow was far enough advanced; an illustration of the text, "Like as the laborer earnestly desireth the shadow." The first dial came into Rome 200 B. C. And Plautus, in one of his comedies, rails at the new-fangled contrivance. He thinks it an innovation anything but conducive to comfort.

"A plague upon the man who first found out
How to distinguish hours. Plague on him too
Who in this place set up a sun-dial,
To cut and hack my days so wretchedly
Into small portions. When I was a boy,
My stomach was my sun-dial. One more sure,
Truer, and more exact, than any of them.
This dial told me when 'twas proper time
To go to dinner—when I had aught to eat.
But, now-a-days, why, even when I have,
I can't fall to unless the sun gives leave.
The town's so full of these offensive dials,
The greatest part of its inhabitants,
Shrunk up with hunger, creep along the streets."

By the side of the sunny, dusty road, just as you enter Nice, there is a homely cottage, with a sun-dial above a vine-mantled trellis, having this motto written in Italian, in a rough hand:

I go every night, and come back every morning,
But thou will depart without ever returning.

An echo to this is found in one I have elsewhere seen, appended to the *evening* hours on a wayside cadran:

"Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking low,
He shall return again, but never thou."

There is a quiet old Franciscan monastery, picturesquely perched on the top of one of the olive-clad hills behind Nice, in whose sunny cloisters I have beguiled many an afternoon chatting with the monks. The mid space is filled with early spring flowers, which the venerable fathers assiduously cultivate, make garlands of, and distribute to the lady visitors, who Peri-like cluster ruefully at the wicket gate of this cloister, but may not enter. Only men folk are permitted to go in, and these flowers, therefore, console the heartburnings of such as perforce stay out. Here, then, sitting under an arch's grateful gloom in that monastic cloister, my glance used to fall upon the following motto, scrawled upon a dial in monkish Latin which I took to mean—

Thy hour and mine hurries away.

On the wall of the quadrangle above me, planted so as to catch the later sunshine, and take up the parable, there was another with this inscription:

It flies and tarries not.

While again, at an angle of the cloister beneath the belfry, where the last glowing light of the setting sun could reach only in part, was another:

The last hour lies hid.

When the old monks tolled the Angelus, this dial was half in gloom, and the evening hours were shrouded in shade.

In a little village beyond Mentone we drew up our carriage to copy:

To the joyful the hours speed quickly, but to the afflicted they tarry and are slow.

A little farther on, nestled in a perfect Eden of nature, where little mountain falls babbled perpetually, and dew-sprinkled fern-hollows and blooming gardens and vine-clad slopes, running down into the liquid sapphire of a lazy bay, told all of summer gladness and peace, was a bell-tower having this inscription on its dial:

Remember the last hour!

It was a peremptory admonition, and issuing from all this pomp of nature it set you amusing like the sound of a far-off vesper heard at sea.

O Thou who sest two hours from one gnomon, alas! wretched Man, thou knowest not that thou art about to die!

This I found near Coggoleto, Columbus's birthplace. I must leave the reader to get what meaning out of it he can. I confess it is puzzling.

Somewhere about here the following aphorism, reminding one of some pithy sentence from the Christian fathers, but in fact a bit out of an epigram of Martial, is written up—

The hours slip by unheeded, but they are noted in the account against us.

As I stopped to find the time at another place, the warning motto told me—

"Suprema multis hora forsan tibi."

The hour I looked at was

The last hour to many, possibly to thee.

I have lost note of the place where the annexed was found:—

"Post tenebras spero lucem."
I hope for light after darkness.

At Grasse I read—

Any hour is sacred for friends.

At Florence—

My life is the sun,
Man's life is God,
Without Him man is
That which lacking the sun I appear.

Namely, of course, a blank. There, also, if memory serves me, is the following:

Quod petis umbra est.
What you seek is shadow!

a double-shotted conclusion fired point-blank at the interrogator.

Men's Favorites.

We often hear women speak with a certain curious disdain of one of themselves as a gentleman's favorite; generally adding that gentlemen's favorites are never liked by their own sex, and giving you to understand that they are minxes rather than otherwise, and objectionable in proportion to their attractiveness. They never can understand why they should be so attractive, they say; and hold it as one of the unfathomable mysteries of men's bad taste—the girls to whom no man addresses half a dozen words in the course of the evening being far prettier and nicer than the favorite with whom everybody is talking, and for whom all are contending. Yet see how utterly they are neglected, while she is surrounded with admirers. But then she is an artful little flirt, they say, who lays herself out to attract, while the others are content to stay quietly in the shade until they are sought. And they speak as if to attract men's admiration was a sin, and not one of the final causes of woman as well as one of her chief social duties. There is always war between the women who are gentlemen's favorites and those who are not; and if the last dislike the first, the first despise the last, and go out of their way to provoke them; a thing not difficult to do when a woman gives her mind to it. A gentleman's favorite is generally attacked on the score of her morality, not to speak of her manners, which are pronounced as bad as can be; while, how pretty soever men may think her, her own sex decry her, and pick her to pieces with such effect that they do not leave her a single charm. She is assumed to be incapable of anything like real earnestness of feeling, of anything like true womanliness; to be ignorant of the higher rules of modesty, to be fast or sly, according to her specialty of style; and if you listen to her dissector you will find in time that she has every fault incidental to a frail humanity, while her noblest virtue is in all probability a "kind of good-nature" which does not count for much.

Women are quite right in one thing, hard as it seems to say it. Gentlemen's favorites, whom women dislike and distrust, are not usually good for much morally. They are often false and insincere, superficial, and possibly with a very low aim in life. And the men know all this, but forgive it for the sake of the pleasantness which is the grace and charm that shadows, or rather brightens, all the rest; having oftentimes indeed a half-contemptuous tolerance of their sins, as not expecting anything better from them. Grant that they are false, that they sail perilously near the wind, are shifty and untrustworthy, what of that? They are not favorites because of their good qualities, only because of their pleasant ones—that subtle *je ne sais quoi* of old writers which stands one in such good stead when one is at a loss for an analysis, and which is the only term that expresses the strong, yet indefinite charm which certain women possess for men. It is not beauty; it is not necessarily cleverness taken in the sense of education, though it must be a keenness if not depth of intellect, and smartness if not the power of reasoning; it certainly is not goodness; it is not always youth, nor yet warmth of feeling, though all these things come in as characteristics in their turn; but it is companionship and the power of amusing. Still, what is it that creates this power, this companionship? A smart, pert, flippant little minx, as women call her, with a shrill voice and a saucy air, may be the gentlemen's favorite of one set; a refined, graceful woman, speaking softly, and with pleading eyes, may be the favorite of another; a third may be a blunt, off-handed young person, given to speaking her mind so that there shall be no mistake; a fourth may be a silent and seemingly a shy woman, fond of sitting out in retired places, and with a reputation for flirting of a quiet kind that sets the women's fingers tingling. There is not settled rule anyhow, and all kinds have their special sphere of shining, according to circumstances. But whatever they may be, they are useful in their generation and valuable for such work as they have to do. Society is a miserably dull affair to men where there are no favorites of any sort; where the womanhood in the room is of the kind that herds together as if for protection, and looks askance over its shoulder at the wolves who prowl about the sheepfold of crinoline, in coats and boards; where conversation is monosyllabic in form, and restricted in substance; where pleasant men who talk are considered dangerous, and fascinating women who answer immoral; where the matrons are grim, and the maidens still in the bread-and-butter stage of existence; and where young wives take matrimonial fidelity to mean making themselves disagreeable to every man but their husband, on the plea that one never knows what may happen, and that you cannot go on with what you never begin.

☞ It is not every lover that does as the lover of Miss Ruth Dinsmore did, in Whitely County, Indiana. The lover of Miss Ruth Dinsmore went to California, made $60,000, and, loving Miss Ruth Dinsmore excessively, left the whole sixty to her.

DEFTON WOOD.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I held my way through Defton Wood,
And on to Wandor Hall;
The dancing leaf let down the light,
In hovering spots to fall.
"O young, young leaves, you match me well,"
My heart was merry, and sung—
"Now wish me joy of my sweet youth;
My love she, too, is young!
O, so many, many, many
Little homes above my head!
O, so many, many, many
Dancing blossoms round me spread!
O, so many, many, many
Maidens sighing yet for none!
Speed, ye wooers, speed with any—
Speed with all but one."

I took my leave of Wandor Hall,
And trod the woodland ways.
"What shall I do so long to bear
The burden of my days?"
I sighed my heart into the boughs
Whereby the culvers cooed;
For only I between them went
Unwooing and unwooed.
O, so many, many, many
Lilies bending stately heads!
O, so many, many, many
Strawberries ripened on their beds!
O, so many, many, many
Maids, and yet my heart undone!
What to me are all, or any?
I have lost my—one.

Tom's Education.

[We have been intending for some time past to write an article showing the folly of three-fourths of what is so highly eulogized as "Education." And now here comes along an article in *Chambers's* (*London*) *Journal* doing up a part of the business to our hand, and better than we could have done it. This shows the wisdom of never doing to-day what can be put off till to-morrow.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

We had a small party at Housewife's the other night—the Professor being invited to deliver his views upon education with respect to Housewife's son and heir, of whom I have the honor to be godfather.

It was, in fact, a sort of family council, with a Professional to assist at it; and the council-table was Housewife's well-furnished mahogany. Housewife, calm and smiling, though inwardly deeply interested in the fiat of the Professor; our hostess nervous, but even kinder in her manner than usual, because, her boy was in her mind; myself amused and interested; and, Professor Puzzleton unexpectedly tremendous. The Chateau Yquem had opened his heart, and made him as frank as the morn. I never heard as much truth in my life from any constituted authority.

"As to Tom's going to school, my friends," observed he, cheerfully, "there is plenty of time before the young gentleman: he is but seven—"

"And a half," interposed Mrs. Housewife, with importance.

"Rising eight," remarked her husband, affecting to treat the matter with jocularity.

"In such a case, the fraction may be disregarded," continued the Professor, with a waive of his hand, and a momentary return to his glass-of-water manner "let us hope, before he gets much older, that the bubble of Education may have burst."

If a shell had burst immediately beneath the dinner-table, it could scarcely have produced a greater consternation than this remark.

"My dear Professor," ejaculated Housewife, "Education a bubble?" And he looked at his wife with an expression that it was easy to translate into: "You had better repair to the drawing-room, my dear, for Puzzleton is drunk."

"I am quite aware of what I said," resumed the Professor with dignity. "I have long entertained the impression, without giving it utterance; but your hospitality has been such as to render silence beneath a crime; I cannot deceive *you;* I cannot doom that innocent boy of yours to suffer years of soristand middle-voice; oh, my goodness, what confounded rubbish it all is!" exclaimed the Professor, mopping his face with the napkin, and puffing as though he would have blown the Greek Grammar into space. It was evident that the honest fellow was upon the rack of conscience, and could not choose but speak.

"You are speaking, of course, with reference to classical education only," suggested Housewife, with the air of a man who cannot believe his own ears.

"*No sir; I am not!*" roared the Professor. "It is Classical Education (so called,) however, that most awakens an honest indignation, because it costs so much; because it is the superstition of this country; the Juggernaut under whose wheels our mid-le classes sacrifice the fortunes of their children. They offer their substance to this idol, in the expectation that he will return it to them four-fold; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, he never returns to them one brass farthing."

"One brass farthing," ejaculated the host; "why, good heavens! there have been thousands of pounds, then, thrown away upon me at school and college! My good father told me that a good education was all he could give me, and how he pinched and toiled to compass it, poor soul!"

"Of course," replied the Professor, quietly, "a good education was his fetich; your patrimony was sacrificed to Mumbo Jumbo. It is only by the aid of such superstition—and its own rottenness—that the system is kept afloat. The proportions of the Imposture are so gigantic that they affect honest simple folk with veneration, like some sculptured deity in Elephanta. Look at the prices: two hundred and fifty pounds a year for a child at Eton; two hundred at Harrow; a hundred and fifty pounds at Rugby! There are more than fifteen hundred boys at those three schools—many of them maintained there with extreme difficulty. How many of their fathers, think you, will ever see their money back? I can tell you to a nicety. Thirty-seven and a half, sir, exactly. That is the proportion of those boys who obtain fellowships at the university."

"But in other ways?" pleaded Housewife.

"There is no other way, sir, by which a classical education can enable a lad to recoup himself. Scholarships are mere nothings. They are the insignificant prizes by which the conductors of this huge lottery lure the public into their toils; the fortunate drawers get a little back of their own money, and that is all."

"Well, I didn't get a scholarship myself," said Housewife, modestly; "but I always understood it was a great assistance to a lad. Sixty pounds a year is a nice little sum"——

"Yes; especially when you have subscribed one hundred and fifty pounds per annum for ten years for the chance of getting it. Now, what did you get, my dear sir, out of this well-meant legacy of your excellent parent—out of this first-rate education for which he paid such a fancy price?"

"Well, upon my life," said Housewife, "it is rather difficult to say. There is nothing tangible on which one can lay one's finger. We must consider the indirect advantages."

"We must, indeed," replied the Professor dryly; "you mean the civilizing effect, and the immense assistance which the knowledge of the dead languages affords in the study of modern tongues."

"That's it," cried Housewife, delightedly; "it's the Tone and the Roots."

"Let's take them in their proper order, my good sir. Did you get the roots?"

Housewife moved uneasily in his chair. "Yes, of course I did," said he, doggedly.

"You were then among the most fortunate," said the Professor, eyeing him keenly. "The proportion of those who come from the public schools with any real philological"——

"I don't know exactly what you *mean* by the roots," interposed Housewife, peevishly.

"It was your own expression, my good sir, not mine. I am quite sure you don't know what *you* mean by it; and the possession of "the tone" ought, I think—if you will forgive me for saying so—to have prevented you implying that you did. There is no occasion for a blush, however; there is a certain magnanimity in your attempted defence of a system under which you have suffered pillage, which I admire. 'Never foul your own nest,' is a homely British proverb which has proved the bulwark of many a rotten institution. In consequence of it, the assault has always to be made by outsiders, who, of course, contend at a disadvantage."

"You are an outsider yourself," observed Housewife, grimly.

"If you mean anything, my good sir, by that observation," said the Professor quietly, "you mean to imply that my parents were not rich enough to send me to Eton. Your observation is just. My education cost me altogether—I was brought up at a free school in Scotland—about six-and-thirty pounds."

"And yet you know everything!" ejaculated Mrs. Housewife with astonishment.

"I believe I know everything, madam, except heraldry," observed the Professor modestly; "and that I don't want to know. The simple fact is, that no man learns anything who will not teach himself. Now, to give the devil his due, the whole system of classical education is built upon the idea that it will enable persons to do this. I don't say whether that idea is right or wrong; what I do affirm is, that not one boy out of twenty is the least likely to avail himself of such an advantage. Not one boy out of twenty leaves a public school with any real knowledge of the subject on which he has wasted his time, and his father his money. To the multitude, Greek and Latin will always be *caviare;* the study of grammar is loathsome to a healthy mind; and as for the attractive force of the beauties of classical literature, I am certain that, if an introduction to Shakspeare himself was to reward his exertions, it would not excite the ordinary boy one whit. What do *you* know, my good sir, for instance, or care, about Plato or Æschylus? Even of Horace, what is left to you, after all your father's mistaken pains on your behalf, but a few stale quotations?"

Our host was silent; tickling the knobs of ice in the tumbler with his straw.

"I am sure my husband would never have had such gentlemanly manners unless he had been at Eton," said Mrs. Housewife resolutely.

"We cannot tell how much of that is due to the ameliorating influences of the most charming of women," observed the Professor gallantly. "As for your Tom, he is a young gentleman already. That the vulgar rich should wish to send their sons to Eton for what is not to be got at home, is quite intelligible; but with you it is quite otherwise. It would be sending to Covent Garden for the flower that grows beneath your own window."

"But what the deuce *is* Tom to learn?" inquired Housewife earnestly.

"Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic," answered the Professor composedly. "These primary accomplishments—though by no means so generally acquired as is imagined—are to my mind indispensable. The key of all other knowledge is placed in the hand of him who possesses these, if he only choose to use them. If he does not choose—and the great probability, my dear madam (as I could prove to you by figures), is, that Tom will *not*—the information he has gained will at least do no harm to himself or others. He will be disqualified from quotation; and he will have saved you, by the time his university course would have been ended (had you been fool enough to send him there), about two thousand pounds. He will read correctly, and therefore with pleasure to himself; he will write so that his friends can decipher his meaning at a glance; and he will understand the Rule of Three. How many, think you, of our expensively brought-up acquaintances are masters of those three simple arts?"

"Why, I have learned the Rule of Three myself!" exclaimed Mrs. Housewife.

The Professor smiled good-naturedly. "It is quite possible, dear madam. There are about three women in all England who understand the theory of proportion, and I do not say but that you may be one of them. But you do not understand it now? Just so. It was taught you at school, you will say, and you have forgotten it. You are mistaken; it is impossible to forget the rule of three, and impossible—at a girls' school—to be taught it. If there is a greater imposture than our system of education for young gentlemen, it is that in vogue for our young ladies."

"But what are we to do with our Tom? If we are not to send him to school, where *are* we to send him? What are we to do with him till he grows up?"

"*That*, my dear madam, is the question which lies at the root of the whole matter, and which, unhappily, I cannot answer for you. The desire to shirk our obligations with respect to our own offspring, is very natural, if not exactly commendable. We wish to be saved personal bother, and the nuisance of 'a lot of boys in the house.' It was to meet this exigency that 'education' was invented. School saves the father trouble, just as the perambulator saves the nurse. But then our perambulators don't cost their weight in gold. It is the fancy price this luxury Education fetches, of which I complain; a price out of all proportion to its advantage."

"Well, what would you do with a Master Thomas Puzzleton?" asked Housewife. "Come."

"If I had a son of my own, I should fix upon some pursuit for his future, and adapt him for it from the first by all means in my power. But he should be troubled with no other sort of work, *unless he liked it.* (I am speaking of the average boy, who does *not* like it, and who has no particular bent of mind.) The literature of his own country would be always open to him, because he would have the key of it; and if that did not interest him, I am sure the treasures of antiquity would in vain be spread before him. We cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but we may spare ourselves the very heavy expenses at present incurred in the attempt to carry on that species of manufacture. In the case of a son of mine, he would have to gain his own livelihood, and I could not afford to see him as helpless to do that at the end of his curriculum (even if it had cost me nothing) as at the beginning, which was *your* case, I fancy, my good sir. You did not find yourself adapted for anything in particular, I believe, when your father's legacy had been paid in full?"

Our host shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"But how, then, did you make your heaps of money, Housewife?" inquired I with interest.

"My dear husband was fortunate in his business speculations," interposed the hostess hastily.

"I drew a great prize in the matrimonial lottery," said Housewife smiling.

"It is easy to see *that*," observed the Professor with gallantry, and quaffing a bumper of Lafitte. "May your Tom be as fortunate."

But our hostess was not to be so easily conciliated. She believed in public schools, and perhaps did not like them the less because they were expensive.

"I think our Tom will go to Eton, Professor," said she slowly, "after all."

"I have no doubt he will, my dear madam, since his mother wishes it. There are two strongholds in possession of the ruling educational powers. They have all the ladies with them; and the clergy are bound to the same side by their own interests, since half the parsons are also schoolmasters. It is very difficult for intelligence to get fair-play against such opponents."

It was plain that the Professor's back was up; our host supplied him on the instant with a huge cigar, with the double purpose of mitigating his wrath and procuring the absence of his antagonist.

Mrs. Housewife rose with dignity. "We are very much obliged to you, Professor, for your kind advice," said she. "So reading, writing, and arithmetic are all that is necessary for a young gentleman's education! The rest is nought but leather and prunella."

"I did not say anything of the sort, madam."

"You said that anything more was useless to the ordinary boy."

"Just so; and, I added, most exorbitantly charged for."

"And suppose this Tom of yours—for mine will learn Greek and Latin like a gentleman—should refuse to study even 'the three Rs.' What would you do then?"

"I should teach him the Use of the Globe, madam, by sending him to a sheep-farm in Australia. And I'd teach him one more thing," added the Professor, as the door closed behind our hostess, "which I was an old fool not to have taught myself."

"What is that?" asked Housewife, who, with myself, had been enjoying beyond measure the late passage of arms.

"Never to argue with a woman," said Puzzleton sententiously.

"It is the school of matrimony that teaches *that*," answered Housewife dryly. "Pass the claret."

A Simple Weather Glass.

This little instrument, says the Journal of Applied Chemistry, is prepared in the following way:

Take a glass tube about ten inches in length, and one inch in diameter, and fill it up with the following liquid: Two parts camphor, one part nitrate of potash, and one part sal ammonia, and dissolve in spirits of wine, and add water until you have partially precipitated the camphor. The extremity of the tube can be left open or hermetically closed. The glass tube thus prepared is then fixed in a horizontal position against the wall or a board.

The changes in the weather are thus indicated:

1. If the weather is to be fine the composition of the substance will remain entirely at the bottom of the tube, and the above liquid will be perfectly clear and transparent.

2. Before the weather changes to become rainy the precipitate will rise by degrees, and small crystalizations, similar in shape to stars, will be seen to move about the liquid.

3. When a storm is imminent, the precipitate will rise to the top of the tube, assuming the shape of a leaf, or an assemblage of crystals: the liquid will appear to be in a state of effervescence. This change very often takes place twenty-four hours before the change in the weather.

4. The side from which the wind will blow in a squall will be also indicated by the particles of the substance floating in the liquid, and assuming the shape of long hairy needles.

5. In the summer time, the weather being warm and dry, the crystallization will have a tendency to remain lower in the tube, and the liquid will also be more transparent.

The amount of crystalized particles that will be seen floating in the liquid will be a sure sign or indication of fine or bad weather, and will depend entirely upon the suddenness of the change in the weather which is to take place, acting in the most energetic way on the composition above described.

The value of this simple instrument to forewarn of an impending storm, and also to indicate the continuance of fine weather, will be readily appreciated by those whose occupations are affected in the change of the weather.

☞ Mr. Longfellow, in conversing with a Scotch gentleman was asked if he thought the hexameter would take root in English soil. He said: "I don't know; I think it will. It is a measure that suits all themes. It can fly like a swallow, and at any moment dart skyward. What fine hexameters we have in the Bible—'*Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.*' And that line—'*God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet!*' Nothing could be grander or finer than that!"

Model Matrimonial Advertisement.

Face intellectual,
Color and tone,
All the accessories
Strictly home-grown.
Eyes—here I hesitate—
Rather like blue,
Black not an obstacle,
Hazel would do.
Nose of the Grecian type—
Not to seem proud,
Some little latitude
Therein allowed.
Figure that's squeezable,
Plump, but not fat,
Steers clear of scragginess,
Couldn't stand that.
Quiet and lady-like,
Dresses with taste,
Ankle displayable,
Neat little waist.
Sphere of home-duties her
Element quite,
Pie-crust especially
Warranted light.
Common accomplishments,
But, in a word,
Those of the useful kind
Greatly preferred.
Little bit musical,
Able to sing,
Claribel, Gabriel,
That sort of thing.
Chatty and sociable,
Likes a cigar,
Pleasant old people, pa-
Pa and mamma.
Pious, devotional,
Gentle and kind;
Teach in the Sunday-school,
If she's a mind.
Lady of such a stamp
Wanting a beau,
Strictly in confidence,
Knows where to go.

(*Here follow name and residence in full.*)

P. S.—Applicant penniless,
Ditto with tin,
Ceteris, paribus,
Latter would win.

The Old Bureau.

It is one of those snug, cosey little rooms, spotless in cleanliness, and faultless in comfort, immortalized by Washington Irving in his description of the Dutch settlements in North America. The floor is polished like a mirror; the tasteful green and white paper (which looks delightfully fresh this sultry weather) seems as fresh as the day it was put on; while the broad, well-stuffed sofa, which takes up nearly one whole side of the room, seems just made for the brawny beamends of some portly German burgher, or the restless roly-poly limbs of his half-dozen big babies. Above the chimney-piece (along which stand the usual china shepherdesses, "Presents from Dresden," and busts of Goethe and Schiller) hangs a staring, highly-colored medley of fire, smoke, blue and white uniforms, rearing horses, and overturned cannon, which some crabbed Teutonic letters beneath it proclaim to be "Die Schlacht bei Koniggratz, 3 Juli, 1866;" while facing it from above the sofa is a rather neatly-done water-color likeness of a chubby, fair-haired lad, in an infantry uniform, whom I rightly guess to be my host's soldier-son Wilhelm (a household word in his father's mouth), now on garrison duty at Spandau.

But the object which specially attracts my attention is a tall, grim bureau of dark oak in the farther corner beyond the fire-place, decorated with those quaint old German carvings which carry one back to the streets of Nuremberg and the house of Albrecht Durer. There stand Adam and Eve in all their untrammeled freedom, shoulder to shoulder, like officers in the centre of a hollow square, with all the beasts of the earth formed in close order around them, and the Tree of Knowledge standing up like a signpost in the rear. There the huge frame of Goliath, smitten by the fatal stone, reels over like a falling tower, threatening to crush into powder the swarm of diminutive Philistines who are hopping about in the back ground. There appear the chosen Twelve, with faces curiously individualized, in spite of all the roughness of the carving, and passing through every gradation, from the soft womanly features of the beloved disciple to the bearded, low-browed, ruffianly visage of him "which also was the traitor." And there the persecutor Saul, not yet transformed into Paul the Apostle (sheathed in steel from top to toe, armed with a sabre that might have suited Bluebeard himself, and attended by a squadron of troopers armed cap-a-pie), rides at full gallop past the gates of Damascus on his errand of destruction.

"That bureau must be a very old one," remark I attentively.

"It is indeed—but *that's* not why we value it," answers the old man with kindling eyes. "That bureau is the most precious thing we have; and there's a story attached to it, which will never be forgotten in our family, I'll answer for it.

"You must know, then, mein Herr, that in the year '59 business began to fall off rather with me (I was a cabinetmaker, you remember), and from bad it came to worse, till I thought something should really be done to put matters to rights. Now, just about this time, all manner of stories were beginning to go about of the high wages given to foreign workmen in Russia, and the heaps of money that sundry Germans, who had gone there from Breslau and Konigsberg, and elsewhere, were making in St. Petersburg and Moscow. And so I pondered and pondered over all these tales, and over the plight I was in, till at last I began to think of going and trying *my* luck as well as the rest. My wife and I talked it over, and settled that it should be done; and we were just getting ready to start, when one night a message came that my old uncle, Ludwig Holzmann of the Friedrich-Strasse, (who had taken offence at my marriage, and never looked near me since) was dying, and wanted to see me immediately. So away I went (my wife wanted to come too; but I thought she had better not); and when I got there, I found the old man lying in a kind of doze, and nobody with him but the doctor and the old pastor, who lived close by. So I sat down to wait till he awoke; and sure enough, in about half an hour, his eyes opened, and fell full upon me. He raised himself in bed—I think I see him now, with the lamplight falling on his old withered face, making it look just like one of the carvings on the old bureau, which stood at the foot of the bed—and said in a hoarse whisper: 'Heinrich, my lad, I've not forgotten thee, although the black cat has been between us a bit lately. When I'm dead, thou'lt have that bureau yonder; *there's more in it than thou think'st.*' And he sank back with a sort of choking laugh, that twisted his face horribly. Those were his last words; for after that, he fell into a kind of stupor, and died the same night.

"When his property came to be divided, every one was surprised; for they had all thought him much richer. I got the bureau, just as he said; and, remembering his words about it, we ransacked all the drawers from end to end; but found nothing except two or three old letters and a roll of tobacco; so we made up our minds that he must either have been wandering a little, or else that (God forgive him!) he had wanted to play us one more trick before he died. In a few weeks more, all was ready for our going, and away we went to St. Petersburg.

"When we got there we found it not at all such a land of promise as the stories made it out; but still there *were* good wages for those who could work, and for the first year or two we got on well enough. But after a time, in came a lot of French fellows, with new-fangled tricks of carving that pleased the Russian gentry more than our plain German fashions; and trade began to get slack, and money to run short. Ah! mein Herr, may you never feel what it is to find yourself sinking always lower and lower, work as hard as you like, and one trouble coming on you after another, till it seems as if God had forgotten you!"

The old hero's voice quivered with emotion, and an unwonted tremor disturbed the placid countenance of his wife, while even the sunny face of the little Fraulein looked strangely sad.

"Well, mein Herr, we struggled on in this way for two years longer, hoping always that our luck would turn, and putting the best face we could on it; though many a time, when the children came to ask me why I never bought them pretty things now as I used to do at home, I could almost have sat down and cried. At last the time came when we could stand against it no longer. There was a money-lender close by us, from whom we had borrowed at higher interest than we could afford, who was harder upon us than any one (may it not be laid to his charge hereafter); and he, when he saw that we were getting behind with our payments, seized our furniture, and announced a sale of it by auction. I remember the night before the sale as *if* it were yesterday. My boy Wilhelm was very ill just then, and no one knew whether he would live or die; and when my wife and I sat by his bed that night, and looked at each other, and thought of what was to come, I really thought my heart would have broken. Ah! my Lisbeth, we have indeed been in trouble together!"

As he uttered the last words, the old man clasped fervently the broad brown hand of his wife, which returned the pressure with interest; and after a slight pause he resumed thus:

"On the morning of the sale a good many people assembled; and among the rest came the district inspector of police. He was a kind man in his way, and had given me several little jobs to do when I first came over; but he was not very rich himself, and nobody could blame him for not helping us when he had his own family to think of. However, I've no doubt he came to our sale in perfect good faith, meaning to give the best price he could for what he bought. Well, in he came; and the first thing that caught his eye was the old bureau, which stood in a corner of the room. It seemed to take his fancy, and he went across to have a nearer view of it. He began trying the grain of the wood—drawing his nail across one part, rapping another with the knuckles—till all at once I saw him stop short, bend his head down as if listening, and give another rap against the back of the bureau. His face lighted up suddenly, as if he had just found out something he wanted to know; and he beckoned me to him. 'Do you know whether this bureau of yours has a secret spring anywhere about it?' asked he; 'for the back seems to be hol ow.' I said I had never noticed anything of the sort—nor, indeed, had I; for when we found that the drawers were empty, we looked no farther. Now, however, he and I began to search in good earnest; and at last the inspector, who had had plenty of practice in such work since he entered the police, discovered a little iron prong, almost like a rusty nail, sticking up from one of the carved figures. He pressed it, and instantly the whole top of the bureau flew up like the lid of a box, disclosing a deep hollow, in which lay several packets of bank-notes and government shares; about a dozen rouleaux of gold Fredericks, tightly rolled up in cotton! and two or three jewel-cases, filled with valuable rings and bracelets—the whole amounting, as we afterwards calculated, to more than twenty thousand Prussian thalers!

"Well, you may think how we felt, saved as we were in this uttermost strait by a kind of miracle; and how we blessed the name of my old uncle, when we saw how truly he had spoken. The inspector (God bless him!) refused to touch a *pfennig* of the windfall, saying that he was sufficiently rewarded by seeing so many good people made happy; so we paid our debts, packed up all that we had, and came back to our own folk and our own fatherland, never to leave it again. Ay, mein Herr, we have indeed been wonderfully helped."

And, almost unconsciously, the old man broke into the opening words of Luther's grand old psalm—the same which the pious soldiers of Frederick the Great chanted in the bleak December morning when they went forth, one man against three, to turn to flight the armies of the alien:

"A tower of strength our God doth stand,
A trusty shield and weapon."

Too deeply interested to break, by further conversation, the charm of this noble romance of real life, I took my leave, and (except a hasty farewell visit two days later) never saw the Holzmann family again; but the story which they left me I have not forgotten, and can never forget.

WASTING OTHER PEOPLE'S TIME.—A committee of eight gentlemen had an appointment to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," etc. A Quaker present said, "I am not sure that we should admit thy excuse. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was *thine own property.*"

☞ Generally speaking—Women.

Glen Iris.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I want to write you a letter about some of the places I have seen this summer, and haply my words may tempt some of your readers to leave the weary work-a-day world in the city, to put by their dusty ledgers and come and read the day-book of Nature as it is unfolded in central New York.

Since last I was in your city I have been to "Glen Iris." Do you ask where it is? Geography locates it in Portage, between Wyoming and Livingston counties, New York state. I place it in Paradise, for certainly no Eden could be fairer, no happiness more complete, no life more joyous than was mine while in this wondrous valley. We left Buffalo at 8.20 and travelled on the Erie road to this beautiful spot. This road has the most commodious cars, makes the best speed, and is more plentifully supplied with dust and cinders than any in this part of the country. You have some difficulty to decide to what race you belong, after having travelled far; but any unbiased judge would soon settle the matter with the decision that you were surely an African, all your statements to the contrary notwithstanding. You soon forget all this as you are whirled through the Wyoming Valley—gentle slopes crowned with verdure, hills blue and misty in the dim distance—little villages in their bath of morning sunlight, looking so contented in their homes in "Sleepy Hollow," till one could almost believe with Rose Terry, that

> "Mountain grapes, low and sweet,
> Grow in the middle of every street."

Soon the scene grows more wild, the hills rise grim and dark, we hear the rush of water, and some one says, "We are on the Great Portage Bridge." Here we leave the cars. Could you but see this bridge! It is built of trestle work, each piece of wood being so arranged that it could be taken out without disturbing the rest; here it towers above the Upper Falls of the Genesee, three hundred and eight feet high; the highest wooden bridge in the world. The white spray of the waterfall rises so close to it, that its lower portion is seen as through a veil, and the eye never tires of beholding this wonder of art spanning the wonders of nature.

We went down the many steps that lead to the level of the river, and here looked up at this wonderful bridge, with the cataract fretting its life away at the base. If my words could but tell you of the effect—the glistening water, the soft spray, bathed in the warm, sunny air, made the bridge seem like some great phantom guarding the flowing river.

Some of the party took the carriage here, but we, a half-dozen in number, walked by the river road. Soon we were in a quiet, leafy glade, where our feet kept time to the music of the waterfall; high above us the sky serene; the birds singing in the topmost branches of the trees; beneath us the damp, rich mould, whose odor mingled with that of "the green things growing," stole upon our senses, fresh and sweet. Anon, the air would be musical with the glad shout of some little cascade leaping, hurrying down the hill-side, filled with the ever restless desire to reach the bright world of which it catches but a glimpse through the trees. A cleft in the rocks is spanned by a rustic bridge, where we pause to rest and enjoy. The children bring us delicate ferns, and tell us, in their sweet way, of new beauties they have seen.

With our souls attuned to nature, with every grief, every care far away in the background, we walk dreamily along, only conscious "that blue and green are glad together."

Only light and love and happiness are yours—the wealth of nature about you, and the wealth of life within you, gives to your cheek a rose-tint, and a brighter hue to your wind-blown hair. Life is so sweet, so radiant, alas! that we must have winter time.

We cross a mile and reach the road, and our eyes get the finest view of "Glen Iris." There this beautiful home stands, on the brow of a hill, overlooking the Middle Fall of the Genesee. This Fall is one hundred and ten feet high, and all day long you can hear its song of welcome, or watch the changing shadows falling on its uplifted face. The house, overgrown with vines, is a picture in itself. It is half ancient, half modern, rambling and dreamy like our thoughts. As we wander through it, no dazzling colors offend the eye, only soft, shadowy tints that lose themselves in pale blue or delicate green borders, as twilight is lost in the quiet arms of night. Rare old pictures adorn the walls; in the library books lie ready to amuse or instruct; from the window you see the Upper Fall, the bridge, the hill-tops smiling down upon you—every sense is gratified, and contentment is perfect. This residence, and the country for several miles around, is owned by a gentleman from Buffalo, who had invited us to be his guests. He is a prince among hosts, and his home a palace of happiness. You cannot stay long indoors, for outside the fullness of summer woos you—her enchanted breath has bewitched you; you lie on the "hillside's sloping shoulder," and the very air breathes poetry as it passes. Your lips, almost unaware, say with Tennyson—

> "The splendor falls on castle wall,
> And snowy summits old in story;
> The long light shakes across the lakes,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory."

After some hours of rest, you leave all this for a ride to the Lower Fall about a mile distant. After leaving the carriage, you find your way down rocky steeps, through a great dim woods—whose paths but a few years ago were trod by the fearless Indian—then down a long flight of steps, through a woods more dense than before, and out on a rocky ledge, where you get a view of the Lower Falls of the Genesee. You have no words as its grandeur breaks on your sight; your soul is filled with more than wonder; you are more alone than ever before, and involuntarily your thoughts rise with reverential awe to that Creator who holds this sublime beauty as His footstool.

With your whole nature elevated and refreshed, and your soul clad in new armor to fight the battle of life—you come back to the world and its works—better, nobler, from this brief taste of Heaven.

> Glen Iris, oh, Glen Iris!
> Thou happy, happy spot!
> The world may toil and suffer,
> Thy quiet knows it not.
>
> No breath of sorrow comes to thee,
> No tears, no dream of pain—
> Only the sweet, sweet summer time,
> The water's glad refrain.
>
> Though other lands upon my sight
> May dawn with beauty rare,
> No scenes can ever break the spell
> That holds my memory there.
>
> Though life may lose its brightness,
> And age may dim my sight,
> If thought of thee but come to me,
> All griefs must take their flight.
>
> Oh, lovely, lovely valley!
> No words of mine can tell
> The thoughts that nestle in my heart:
> All language fails. Farewell!
>
> ANNIE MORRIS.

The French and German Soldiery.

The Rev. Dr. Osgood says:—

"A year ago to-day, I went from Paris to Cologne by railroad, and looked, for the first time upon the Rhine. It was a very hot day, but there was no trouble on the line, except the rudeness of three or four young French swells, who got into our car near the Belgian border, and filled it with their nasty tobacco smoke, without asking leave. To-day things probably look quite otherwise—and that whole line of communication must be swarming with the messengers of war. King William, of Prussia, the morning telegram says, is to-day at Cologne; and those regiments of horses that went every morning by our hotel, on their way to their drill-ground, move with quicker step. *There, however, as everywhere through Germany, the traveller saw the preparations for war. I met the soldiers constantly in their marches and exercise, and it seemed strange that the air should smell so much of war at a time of entire peace. The Government undoubtedly saw the coming storm, and looked upon the war with France as a question only of time.* The Prussian soldiers are a very solid, hardy set of men, and look as if they would stand their ground against any enemy. They have nothing of the jaunty, dashing air of the English troops, nor the restless, electric style of the French; but they give more the impression of a positive individual manhood than either. I met a large body of French soldiers at Rouen, in July, the day after I landed in France, and examined them carefully. They were mostly quite young men, and full of fire; yet they did not carry with them the appearance of calm, settled military loyalty such as marks the English or American, or German soldier. The French officers had more the air of society and the world than the German, and the young man who commanded at Rouen at the morning roll-call was a person of great elegance and apparent refinement and culture, whose delicate lips might fitly read an essay or even a prayer, as well as speak the word of command. What impressed me most of all, however, was the French drum-beat, from that score of drums shaped like great cheeses. Mars and Bellona! what a rattle and a ring! How thundering, yet how warpish! What power and what spite! It seemed to me that I had never heard the voice of war before; and this fierce sound is now to wake up the more fearful din of the musket and cannon upon that beautiful Rhine, along whose charmed banks I floated from Bonn, Beethoven's home, to Mayence, this very week of July, last summer, among scenes and associations that seemed to breathe that great Master's symphonies into our souls."—*New York Evening Post.*

HOW THE POPE RECEIVED THE FRENCH NOTICE OF WITHDRAWAL.—A correspondent of *Le Temps* thus describes the interview between the French Minister and Antonelli, on July 27. The former having read the Duke de Grammont's despatch directing the evacuation of the Roman State by the French troops, Antonelli said, impetuously—"I will mention it to the Holy Father."

The Minister—"Then I may expect an answer in the evening."

Antonelli—"I shall receive you with pleasure."

In the evening the Minister called on the Cardinal, and the following brief colloquy took place:—

Minister De Bonneville—"What does his Holiness say?"

Antonelli—"He says, 'God will provide for me. May I never see French troops again.'"

De Bonneville—"Is that all?"

Antonelli—"All."

THE foot of Miss Chang Lung, of San Francisco, is thus written about by a gentleman of that city:—"Walking along Dupont street lately, I saw a Chinese lady at her toilette, and, though the sight was no novelty, as she was going to bathe her feet, curiosity impelled me to stop and try to catch a glimpse of them. A foot three inches in length is the idol of a Celestial, on which he will lavish every epithet nature and language can supply; but its beauties are altogether ideal; for as the woman unwound the bandages a piteous mass of lifeless integument revealed itself, resembling the skin of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a long maceration with soap and water. Thus my mentality lost another myth."

MOST people have a curiosity to know how it feels to be sunstruck, though very few would care to learn by personal experience. A Lawrence, Kansas, doctor, who was overcome by Old Sol, while conversing with a friend in his garden, describes the brief sensation with professional exactness. He says that he had been perspiring very profusely, and while talking the perspiration suddenly ceased, and he felt a dry, parching sensation all over his body. He was remarking to his visitor that he would have to seek the shade, when it appeared to him as if some one had struck him a severe blow on the head. He then became insensible, and was taken to the house. Applications of icewater were freely made to his head, and respiration gotten up by the use of ammonia, and in a few hours he was again able to get about. The prostration accompanying the attack, however, did not leave him for several days.

☞ SABBATH AT ALL TIMES.—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship—Sunday, by the Christians; Monday, by the Greeks; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians; Thursday, by the Egyptians; Friday, by the Turks; and Saturday, by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is a Sunday somewhere.

☞ A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—One of our co-temporaries pays a doubtful compliment to a prominent citizen, by referring to a generous act under the heading, "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

THE WARNING BY THE WAY.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

We poise our balanced periods; we point our obvious morals;
Ring the familiar changes on the horror of armed quarrels;
Rub up our tarnished metaphors—the bolt out of the blue—
The avalanche brought down by a word—the dyke by a stroke cut through!

Trot out the old abstractions—Justice and Mercy flying;
Humanity called from its work to attend the maimed and dying;
Industry, ill-used giant, beating ploughshares into swords;
Peace and Progress trampled underfoot beneath War's hurrying hordes.

Until we come to realize the huge and hideous fact—
Two million costly soldiers attacking and attacked!
Europe's two master races, the Teuton and the Gaul,
Must'ring for the death-grapple to the shattering trumpet-call.

Before such grim reality our rhetoric veils its crest;
Our loude-t preachers feel at heart that silence fitteth best:
We pack up our stale maxims, push our periods aside,
Leave our abstractions on their pegs, our obvious morals hide.

And bow before the inscrutable, and do our best to hold
Our minds in even balance 'twixt new loves and hatreds old,
Painfully to weigh causes, and trace fruits back to their seed,
In Napoleon's hopes and fears or in Prussia's grasp and greed.

Hard to hold even temper! To resist the German blood,
Which beats and bounds within us in a fever-heated flood,
At the words of weight and wisdom, the appeals to God above,
That e'en the slow brain of Berlin to patriot passion move,

Hard to record the wrath we felt on Duppel's shameful day,
When overmatched at Prussia's feet robbed Denmark bleeding lay!
Before this blaze of brotherhood that, as fire bids metals run,
Fuses North Germany and South, and East, and West, in one.

Hard not to feel the ancient grudge across our judgments come,
That has now for centuries rankled 'twixt John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme:
Hard not to see the blood-stains that will keep soaking through
The pages of our annals from Crecy to Waterloo.

Hard not to think of him who made French Empire once so wide;
Whose red star rose in Corsica, in St. Helena died!
Who reaped war's whirlwind harvest, as war's wind of woe he sowed,
And was dashed to death by the tempest which he loosed and once o'er-rode.

Hard not to call up the shadow of the Uncle, grim and gray,
With a hand upraised in warning across the Nephew's way!
With eyes that look their lesson, lips that warn without a word—
How they that draw the sword to smite shall perish by the sword.

Unlike the Uncle until now, in all but name of power,
Will the Nephew tempt the Uncle's fate—in this his evening hour?
Stand aside, grim, gray spectre, let him pass on his way:
Thou mean'st 'tis death for him to advance—what is it, if he stay?

Think'st thou he rides for pleasure this road to the battle-field,
And the boy he loves beside him, with his father's heart for shield?
He does but ride, because he must; to bring the eagle prey,
Lest, if he feed it not, from his boy it rend the Crown away.

He has rearmed a mighty army, for his boy that Crown to guard,
And if that army murmur, he must find it its reward—
In the chances of the battle, the prizes of the strife,
The plunder, and promotion that gild the soldier's life.

Then stand aside! Thy warning may be well-meant, but behind
Retreat is barred by spectres, as ghastly and less kind.
There's the Liberty he murdered; there are the Oaths he broke:
France, that cries "GIVE ME CONQUEST, IF I MUST BEAR THE YOKE."

THE Gazette, of Augsburg, publishes lists of the prelates who voted either unconditionally (*non placet*) or conditionally (*placet juxta modum*) in the session of the 13th of July, at Rome, against the dogma of infallibility. The following are American prelates upon the lists:—

Pittsburg, Bishop Domenec.
Little Rock, Bishop Fitzgerald.
Rochester, Bishop MacQuaid.
St. Louis, Archbishop Kendrick.
New York, Archbishop McCloskey.
Savannah, Bishop Verot.
Oregon City, Archbishop Blanchet.
Monterey, Bishop Amat.

☞ The brothers of an Ohio lady disapproving her marriage, abducted her the night after, bound her hand and foot and took her home. Her husband recovered her by a *habeas corpus*.

☞ The Bangor (M.) Whig says that two ladies in that neighborhood are seriously ill from the effects of vermin in jute switches, which they have been in the habit of wearing. The insects have penetrated the scalp in innumerable places, and fatal results are feared.

☞ Troy recently vaunted the good qualities of a newly-discovered mineral spring. Now it has found out sadly that those qualities were owing to the drainage of a tannery.

Did Poe Write the Raven?

The following strange letter is published in The New Orleans Times:—

NEW ORLEANS, July 22, 1870.

To the Editor of the New Orleans Times:—

I inclose herewith some interesting extracts from a private letter, recently received by me from the Rev. J. Shaver, of Burlington, New Jersey, formerly a resident of this city. Comment on my part is unnecessary; and if you think it worth inserting in your valuable journal, you are at liberty to do so.

Your obedient servant,
C. C. MACON.

PINE HIGHTS HERMITAGE,
BURLINGTON, July 3, 1870.

CLEMONT C. MACON, *Esq., New Orleans, La.*

Dear Friend:— * * * * * *

This place is just now attracting a great deal of attention from antiquarians and litterateurs generally, on account of a discovery lately made by me. I happened to notice in "Littell's Living age," of January 8 last, page 106, the following paragraph:

"It has just come to light that in an old barn in one of the villages of New Jersey, is a valuable collection of books and manuscripts, formerly forming a part of the library of Mahlon Dickerson, an American statesman. They are all in possession of the rats, and of a man who will not let them be touched, because of some family quarrel about property."

Having often heard that such documents existed in Burlington, and were in the hands of Mr. John T. Tompkins, I requested and obtained permission to examine them—and among them found and copied a portion of a letter from Edgar A. Poe to Mr. Daniels of Philadelphia, dated Richmond, Sept. 29, 1849, in which an admission is made that will, to a certain extent, upset that person's claim to the authorship of the "Raven." I could not make out all the writing on account of its age and neglected condition, but what I could decipher was in these words:

"Shortly before the death of our good friend, Samuel Feewick, he sent to me from New York, for publication, a most beautiful and thrilling poem, which he called the 'Raven,' wishing me, before printing it, to 'see if it had merit,' and to make any alterations that might appear necessary. So perfect was it in all its parts that the slightest improvement seemed to me impossible. But you know a person very often depreciates his own talents, and he even went so far as to suggest that in this instance, or in any future pieces he might contribute, I should revise and print them in my own name to insure their circulation.

"This proposal I rejected, of course, and one way or other delayed printing the 'Raven,' until, as you know, it came out in *The Review*, and ——. It was published when I was, unfortunately, intoxicated, and not knowing what I did, I signed my name to it, and thus it went to the printer, and was published.

"The sensation it produced made me dishonest enough to conceal the name of the real author, who had died, as you know, some time before it came out, and by that means I now enjoy all the credit and applause myself. I simply make this statement to you for the ——. I shall probably go to New York to-morrow, but will be back by Oct. 12th, I think."

As you are fond of such matters, I send you the above as something interesting and important, * * * * * *

I am, as ever, your friend,
J. SHAVER.

[*Note.*—Perhaps if that old Dickerson collection be examined further, letters may be discovered from John Milton admitting that his friend Etwood was the true author of "Paradise Lost," and from William Shakspeare stating who was the real author of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," &c. Also from Bryant, revealing that John Snooks wrote "Thanatopsis."—*Ed. Sat. Ev. Post.*]

Interesting Experiments.

Somebody is always discussing something new or developing half-understood facts. One of our exchanges gives, in a late issue, the result of several very interesting experiments made with a glass-mounted thermometer in testing the heat of the sun's rays. In the various tests made it was found that in the house with open windows the mercury stood at 90.20. Out of doors in the shade it stood at 95, and not quite five degrees higher in the sun. In the same position, with wet bulb, it stood at 98.8; and with bulb covered with white cloth, 99,5: and with bulb covered with black silk at 109.86. Laid upon the grass in the sun is rose to 104; upon white cloth in the sun 105.8, and upon black silk 118.

These experiments show conclusively the utility of light-colored clothing for those who are obliged to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun at high temperatures—and the experiment with the wet bulb shows clearly the value of free perspiration of the body, which however, the observer finds in his own person, notwithstanding a profuse perspiration while making these experiment, to have risen to 100.7, which is about two degrees above the usual standard for cooler days. The average temperature of the healthy human body throughout the year, in temperate climates, is 98.5, while in tropical regions it is about one degree higher.

☞ STRANGE IF TRUE.—By a singular coincidence a pair of egg merchants at Independence, Iowa, last week, unintentionally became poulterers on a large scale. The porter suddenly heard a noise in the store-room, where there were 60,000 dozen of eggs packed away preparatory to being shipped east, and on going to see what was the matter, found 720,000 chickens running about the floor. They had been hatched by the heat.

☞ The despotism of Berlin landlords is a terror throughout Germany. The papers relate the death of a rich Berlin landlord a few days ago. He was unconscious, and his wife wished him to give some important directions before he died. In vain. At last a friend came in. Said he; "I'll make him speak. Friend," said he to the dying man, "what's to be done about the rents of the new house?" The landlord started, opened his eyes, uttered three words—"Raise the rent!"—and died.

☞ AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION.—An excellent suggestion is going the rounds of the press, that in order to distinguish I from J in manuscript the public should acquire the habit of putting under capital I, in writing it, the telegraphic character which represents that letter, simply two dots, thus . . by which it would be recognized both by telegraphic operators and type-setters. It is further urged that this practice be taught by instructors in penmanship and school teachers.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

An Interview with him in his Retirement.

Some months ago, says the Boston Journal, the Boston Lyceum Bureau commissioned a celebrated lecturer to travel through Europe until he found Kossuth, and, as it was reported that he was poor, to offer him a series of lucrative engagements with lyceums in the United States. We are permitted to quote from an interesting letter just received from the gentleman referred to, dated Geneva, July 18:—

With nerves still quivering from the dizzy Alpine cliffs over which the Cenis Railway has just launched me here from Italy, I hasten to report the execution of the commission which you entrusted to me. * * * In a retired quarter in the royalty-forsaken city of Turin, piazza Cavour, over an humble wine tavern, I found the lonely Magyar—a mild, sedate, rather dignified-looking gentleman of apparently sixty years of age, whose demeanor, though grave, exhibited much affability and courtesy.

When I had laid your proposition before him, and conveyed an assurance of the delight which his acceptance of it would afford the Republic, he expressed his deep regret that it was beyond his power to entertain it, averring that he had retired entirely from public life, and was now a recluse from worldly affairs. To this, as a rejoinder, in order to remove any impression that a visit, such as was proposed to America, would involve his interference in or contact with political matters, I described to him the character and organization of American lyceums, and the work done by the Boston Lyceum Bureau for them, showing that the discourse you desired from him would require only his views upon some social or literary topic, apart from the atmosphere of politics altogether. I added, likewise, that, while gratifying and instructing to others, it would scarcely fail to be a subject of intense interest to him to have an opportunity of comparing the America of his day with that of the present, and of observing what twenty years could do in the great Republic.

He then warmed in conversation, and said: "I dislike giving you a cold negative, but I am not the man I was; I have had heavy domestic afflictions; I want nerve, and as for addressing a number of people, I have almost forgotten what public speaking was. I am in truth a changeling. Were I to go anywhere, it would be to America. But," he added, "why want me? Are you not a nation of orators?"

"But," I said, "none, Signor Kossuth, such as you."

I then touched upon the delicate ground of pecuniary considerations, and he immediately observed: "I have very little money, but I have very few wants, and I am content."

"Will nothing move you, Signor?" I said.

"I repeat," he added, "were I to go anywhere it would be to the grandest country in the world, your America; but I think, from the sample before me, you can do without Kossuth." Oh! spare my blushes! but I am a faithful witness, and he had to pay a compliment in return for mine.

The upshot, however, was his emphatic determination to speak in public no more unless duty to his own country demanded it. He requested me to say, however, that he felt highly flattered by the invitation and grateful for the consideration regarding his circumstances.

☞ The Chinese servants in the employ of Europeans living at Canton, Hong Kong, and other open ports of the Chinese empire, receive from $7 to $10 for male personal attendants, and $5 to $6 for coolies who perform the rough work. Cooks are paid $8 a month, and waiting maids from $8 to $10. Many foreigners keep boats, in which case each boatman receives $6 to $7 a month. It is stated that from the numerous servants required, a married couple in comfortable circumstances will expend, on an average, from $40 to $70 a month on servants' wages alone.

☞ A good story is told of a New York lawyer, who was bothered by the importunities of two un-get-rid-a-ble young lady canvassers for a new work. Finally, in order to get rid of them, he said: "Ladies, the partnership of which I am a member, has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense attending its illustrations, embellishments, &c., has completely crippled us." "Then, perhaps," replied the angelic canvasser, "we could procure you some subscribers. What do you call your work?" "Well, we have not fully determined, as yet; but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after me—Charles Henry."

☞ The Evangelical Alliance of the world, which was to have met in New York city on September 22d, has been postponed, since the war in Europe renders impracticable the attendance of the delegates—especially the French and German Christians, who are engaged in settling a little "unpleasantness" in a rather unchristian manner, as some people think.

☞ How much trouble would be saved if people would heed the following sentence in "Lothair:"—"Never you sign a paper without reading it first, and knowing well what it means."

☞ Since Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, thirty-three years ago, every other throne in Europe, from the least unto the greatest, has changed occupants.

☞ America is estimated to contain over ten millions of square miles, each mile being capable of sustaining three hundred and fifty persons, or four times the present population of the earth.

☞ An interesting incident relating to Mr. Dickens was mentioned in a recent speech delivered at Sheffield by Mr. Mundella, M. P., who said he had been dining with a distinguished artist, who made this statement: "A short time since I painted a portrait of Charles Dickens. It was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and he sat again and again, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face and watched the anxiety and care. I saw the blotting and the rewriting of his works, and I was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance."

☞ ANOTHER ESTIMATE OF DICKENS.—A French paper printed at New Orleans recently contained the following announcement:—"Charles Dickens, the great American romancer, died yesterday of apoplexy. He was the Walter Scott of America."

The Census of 1870.

Mr. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census, states that he will be able to give the complete population of all the large cities of the United States by September 10th, and of the entire country by October 10th. Mr. Walker estimates the total population of the country at 40,200,000. The population of large cities, it is alleged, will fall 20 per cent. below the estimates of local calculators, as while the number of those who arrive has been recorded, no account has been taken of the departures. Thus, Chicago has an actual population of 250,000 souls, against estimates of 400,000, and Cincinnati has barely 200,000, while the population was estimated at over 300,000. This discrepancy between the estimated and the real population is common in all the cities, but is greater in the West than in the East. Maine, it is alleged by the journals of that state, has a population of 700,000, making a gain of 71,400 since 1860. The city of Belfast has 3,279 inhabitants, a loss of 241, and other cities exhibit a like diminution. The ship building towns show a heavy decline, but the increase in the Aroostook region is large. The census returns from Vermont show that the towns are losing in population, and it is believed to be probable that the number of inhabitants will be less than in 1860. New Hampshire shows an increase in the population of the large cities and a decrease in the agricultural districts. The state, it is estimated, has fallen off about 15,000 in population, and will probably lose one member of Congress. Massachusetts has increased her population in the cities and the manufacturing towns along the railroads, but has lost in the farming districts. Boston, it is believed, has a population of 270,000. Rhode Island, as well as the other New England states, show a decline in the country, but an increase in the cities and manufacturing towns. Bristol has a population of 5,303, an increase of 554 since 1865. Newport has a permanent population of 12,522, a loss of 166 since 1865. From returns sent in from different parts of the country, it appears that Council Bluffs, Iowa, has a population of 10 000; St. Paul, Minn., of 23,000, against 10,400 in 1860.

A Protest Against Woman Suffrage.

One hundred and forty women of Loraine county, Ohio, all intelligent and highly educated, have sent to the Legislature the following memorial:

"We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us, than they have to perform those imposed upon them. We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each. We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist. We feel that our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities; and that they are such as none but ourselves can perform. Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be separated from suffrage; but which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society. It is our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, who represent us at the ballot-box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them. We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box, and we will represent them in the school-room, at the fireside, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot-box, to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be were all women allowed to vote. We do, therefore, respectfully protest against any legislation to establish 'woman suffrage' in our land or in any part of it."

INDIA RUBBER which, a few years ago, was of but slight value in the arts, is now most useful, and should the new project of applying it as a moter prove successful, there will scarcely be a limit to the service it shall be to mankind. A working model of a car propelled by means of it was lately exhibited in New Orleans, and the trial is said to have been thoroughly successful, and such as gave reason to believe that a trial on a larger scale would be worth the undertaking. In the fore part of the model, and beneath the platform, is a master-wheel, which acts like the drum on which the main-spring of a watch is wound. The india rubber is fastened under the platform, connected with the wheels, and wound around the drum, the length of the rubber, which is slightly galvanized, being one hundred and twenty-five feet for an ordinary horse-car, which, when wound, will give the necessary motion to the machinery for the propulsion of the car. No doubt, if this will work, steam power will, to a great extent, be done away with, for rubber, thus managed, is less dangerous and far more easily taken care of.

☞ Should the scheme of a United Germany ever be realized, and if we may judge from what the leading intellects of the Teutonic races have done and are doing, the German nation will assume the position of the leading people of Europe. They are now eminent in literature, learning, philology, philosophy, freedom of thought and nobleness of imagination, music and poetry; and to these laurels must now be added those of the highest qualities of the soldier and the statesman.

☞ A Monterey, Cal., paper says: There is a breach of promise case pending in the District Court of this county, wherein the lady is the defendant. The parties are both Spanish, and live at Half-moon Bay. The plaintiff claims $10,000 damages—that being supposed to be about the sum total of the fair senorita's worldly possessions. This is the first case in this state, so far as we are advised, in which a man has brought suit against a woman for giving him the mitten. This is one of the heretofore undeveloped principles of men's, which has generally been monopolized by women.

☞ A PLEASANT SLIP.—A pleasant slip of the tongue is recorded by a French paragraphist. A lady was enjoying the society of her lover, when the bell rang, and the servant announced "the doctor." "Tell him I am ill, and cannot see him," was madam's reply.

☞ A large party of ladies and gentlemen were ascending the Catskill Mountains recently, when one of the trunks belonging to a young lady fell off the coach and was broken open, all the contents being scattered into the road. In gathering them together, which she calmly did, she was assisted by a gentleman to whom she had only been introduced that day. He was so struck with her sweet disposition and good nature, displayed under the trying circumstances, that he fell in love with her. At the end of two weeks he proposed, was accepted, and they are to be married in the fall.

☞ An old farmer said to his sons:—"Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for sunthin' to turn up. You might jest as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

☞ A naralist at Newport, seeing a lady driving and her groom with folded arms behind, thought "that nigger must pay that nice-looking girl a pile to drive his carriage for him."

☞ Carlyle says, "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one the less rascal in the world."

☞ A gentleman at an inn being supplied with two candles which gave a very dim light, called to the waiter, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles to see how these others burn!"

☞ A passenger on an Ohio railroad, aroused from a serene slumber by the tooting of the whistle, exclaimed petulantly, "The train has caught up with those cattle again!"

☞ A lady, who has made it a point to examine into the matter, writes that women shoppers will unmercifully snub a saleswoman, will rudely contradict her statements as to the goods being examined; in fact, show themselves wholly ignorant of the most ordinary rules of good breeding, and then complain of impertinence if a word is returned, or of inattention if the girl manifests her self-respect by remaining silent. If waited on by a salesman, their conduct, it is stated, is just the reverse.

☞ The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says it may be mentioned, as a commentary on the Crispin cry about "taking the bread from our children's mouths to feed aliens," that there are now more laborers employed in the shoe business in North Adams, exclusive of the Chinese, than before the latter came, and, in fact, than before the strike. Mr. Sampson will, within a few weeks, send for fifty more workmen from California. Of the seventy-two Chinamen he has now at work, all but four or five are doing finely. The incompetent ones he will send back to San Francisco. These Orientals continue peaceable, industrious, quiet, and eager to learn. They go to Sunday-school and behave like rational members of society.

☞ A Kansas editor does not consider a cotemporary a gentleman, because he wipes his nose on his coat sleeve. Anthony Trollope makes one of his heroes despise and condemn as a low fellow a worthy person, because the latter dusted his boots with a handkerchief.

☞ In the church system in Norway there is a very wise arrangement, whereby a clergyman past work may retire with a superannuation, which is charged against the income of his successor. There is also a widow's farm attached to each glebe, so that on the death of a rector, his wife is not driven from her old home without any place of shelter.

☞ The Cincinnati Enquirer advises anybody in want of fun to go to the German Gardens about eleven o'clock at night and shout, "*Vive la France.*"

☞ The excursions of the bees to collect honey are variously estimated at from one to three miles each, and they are supposed to make each about ten trips a day.

☞ An eagle was shot a few weeks ago, in Austria, in Bellye, bearing a collar with the date 1648, and some arms partially effaced by time and exposure to the weather.

☞ Of 623 murders committed in New York during the thirteen years ending with 1868, the perpetrators of 155, or one quarter of the whole number, have never been discovered.

☞ The total eclipse of the sun, to occur December 22d, is not forgotten even in the excitement of the war. Scientific parties are preparing in all parts of the world to observe it.

☞ REMOVING TIRES OF CAR WHEELS.—It is said that the tires of railroad car-wheels can be removed by laying them down horizontally and piling around them four charcoal fires, diametrically opposite each other, to which air is directed from a blast-pipe. In about ten minutes the tires become loose enough by their expansion to be knocked off with a hammer. It is stated that by the use of about ten pounds of charcoal, two workmen can remove the tires of four wheels per hour.

☞ Very heavy showers of rain have recently fallen in this neighborhood. Houses have been struck by lightning; cellars overflowed; property damaged; streams swollen; culverts broken. The rains were even heavier in the surrounding country. In New York the spire of Trinity Church was struck by lightning. They had snow at Helena, Montana, on the 11th, and the thermometer was 32 degrees.

☞ A young married lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., has received as a wedding present a fan made in Paris at a cost of $2 500 in gold. It is of tortoise shell, studded with tiny solitaire diamonds.

☞ A young lady at a fashionable seaside resort says she has lost at least half a dozen husbands by appearing in a bathing dress, and she won't do it again until her matrimonial future is secured.

☞ A gentleman of high position, in London, had a wife who was connected with many of the leading members of the nobility. The other day she ran away with another man, and the injured husband adopted a different method of avenging his wrong from that which is sometimes pursued. He merely advertised a reward of £5 for the discovery of the lady. As this did not bring her back, he announced that he would give a further sum of £2 for her restoration, and that under no circumstances would the reward be increased. Thus he caused it to be made known that he assessed the value of the partner of his joys at the precise sum of £7.

☞ The tailors' strike in Cork, Ireland, has at length come to an end, the men having sufficiently punished themselves in their attempt to prevent the use of sewing machines in tailoring establishments, to be willing to work by the side of machines rather than to starve.

☞ The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette says that Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton was instantly cured of chewing tobacco by a young miss of twelve, to whom he was giving good advice about Lent. She said, "Pshaw! don't preach self-denial to me when you have your mouth full of nasty tobacco." The reverend gentleman turned aside his head, removed the odious weed from his mouth, and has never since tasted it.

☞ Sir Francis Crossly, an English millionaire, has given £200 000 to certain public charities, with the promise that it shall be perpetually invested in United States securities.

☞ An urchin being sent for five cents' worth of maccoboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked for five cents' worth of make-a-boy sneeze.

☞ The English claim to have a rifle which beats needle gun, Chassepot, Enfield or Snider; and that is the Martini-Henry; and if the accounts given of it in the London papers can be relied upon it must be a most deadly weapon. At a recent prize shooting match at Wimbledon four competitors stood up with this rifle, and the closeness and constancy of the fire resembled the file firing of a company; in three minutes the target became almost invisible, owing to the smoke; one of the men fired fifty-five times in the three minutes, or rather more than eighteen times a minute, and he hit the target every time. The target, too, was so defaced as to be useless. This is undeniably good shooting.

☞ CLAIRVOYANCE.—A contributor to the Journal of Psychological Medicine, on the subject of Modern Superstition, mentions the artifice of reading sealed letters laid upon the chest, and says that it is a cause of great wonder that the premium of $2,000 offered by the French Academy of Sciences more than forty years ago has never been claimed. This sum was promised to any somnambulist who could prove herself able to read before a committee of the Academy a sealed document, prepared and laid upon her chest by the committee.

☞ A gentleman, who appears to have suffered much from umbrella thieves, has discovered a plan for protecting himself. He purchased an old-fashioned blue cotton umbrella some time since, broke two of the ribs, and cut off six inches from the handle. On a recent visit to a hotel, he left his "apparatus," as he calls it, in the public hall, and was not in the least surprised to find it in the same place when leaving.

☞ Delpino says that of the one hundred and twenty-four flowering plants of Nova Zembla sixteen are fertilized by bees, eighty-four by bees and flies and twenty-four by the wind. All those flowers that formerly existed there and were fertilized by the larger beetles and moths have become extinct with the disappearance of those insects.

☞ The late Dr. Cabarrus (a son of the celebrated beauty, Mme. Tallien,) was asked: "Do you like blue-stockings?" He replied: "Yes, when they are clean."

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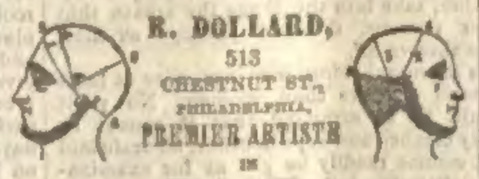

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" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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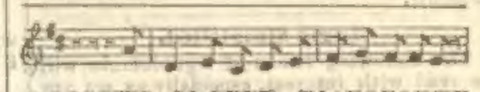

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WIT AND HUMOR.

That Spring Water.

An invalid lady heard much of the beneficial properties of the water from a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases for which it was specific, among which she recognised at least half-a-dozen with which she was afflicted. Much to her joy, she was told that her son had to visit the very town where it was located; and a five-gallon keg and a strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some of the water.

The keg was put into the phaeton, and slipping under the seat, was overlooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, and the water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when, kneeling down under the seat for something, he felt the keg. To go back was not to be thought of, and to admit his stupidity was impossible.

He therefore drew his horse up by a wall, near which was an old well from which the family had drunk for a century, and filling the keg, went home.

The first question was, "Did you get the water?"

"Yes," said he; "but hang me if I can see any difference in it from any other water;" and he brought in the keg.

A glass was handed to the invalid, who drank it with infinite relish, and said she was surprised at her son's not seeing any difference. There was undoubtedly a medical taste about it, and it did not fill her up as other water did, which she had always heard of mineral water.

Her son hoped it would do her good; and by the time the keg was exhausted, she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her ailments.

Magic Simplified.

The following tricks of legerdemain will be read with interest, especially as we are having a dearth of amusements:

The Magic Stick.—To do this trick properly you need a pearl-handled knife, and a stout hardwood stick some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to the astonishment of the company, you will find it impossible to do. The better to deceive them, keep a perfectly calm countenance.

The Four Jacks.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now, shuffle the cards quickly, and, holding them up in the left hand, give them a sharp rap, with the face of the cards down, and defy the company to find the jacks. You will find them completely fooled.

The Flying Hen.—Select a large well-fed hen—the color is immaterial, though black is best; place her in a sitting posture on a smooth surface; then place over her a pasteboard box eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly on the top with a bone-handled table knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

Water.

Chemically considered, water is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen. Some people, thinking to improve on nature, add a little Holland gin, if they want it for a beverage. Milkmen put milk in it before peddling it out to their customers, to give color to their transactions. Chemists say that, at the lowest estimate, five-sixths of the living human body is simply water. This is a grave warning to people who are given to the intemperate use of cold water as a beverage, for they are in danger of adding the other sixth, and becoming all water.

An old toper, who had read somewhere that five-sixths of his body was water, said it was none of his fault—he hadn't taken any in over forty years. He wept bitterly because he had to have so much water with his whiskey.

Water is a capital thing for running sawmills, factories, and canal boats, putting out fires, rinsing tumblers, sprinkling the streets, and starting a thunder-storm, and it is an indispensable aid in the formation of temperance societies.—*Fat Contributor.*

Not Very Complimentary.

One of the Little Corporal's correspondents vouches for the following:

At one of our neighbor's houses was a bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, and esteemed friend. Little Anna watched him closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you drawing, Anna?" asked the clergyman.

"Ise making your picture," answered the child.

So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for awhile. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "Taint a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

Fancy his feelings. What a likeness it must have been!

"Boo!" to a Goose.

Ben Jonson having heard that Lord Craven was very anxious to see him, went to his lordship's house. Being in a somewhat tattered condition, the porter refused to admit him, and gave him some impertinent language, which Ben did not fail to return. While they were wrangling Lord Craven happened to come out, and desired to know the cause of the quarrel. Jonson immediately said, "I understood your lordship wishes to see me?" "You, friend," replied the lord, "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, no; you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *boo* to a goose!" "Boo!" cried Ben. "Very well," said his lordship, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced that you are Ben Jonson."

SPICE.—That was quite an amusing circumstance, when a well known representative from one of the New England States rose at a public dinner to make a speech, and spoke thus:

"When I view this festive board, Mr. President, I can't help thinking of those beautiful lines of Longfellow's, in which he says—er—ah—er—which say—er—er (*tapping his forehead*)—er—Mr. President, I believe *I've forgotten the lines I remembered.*" And he sat down.

UNCLE JACK (*a little so-so.*)—Ah, you're a lucky fellow, such hot weather as this. You can keep cool if anybody can.

The Pumpkin.

Josh. Billings, in imitation of Greeley, is writing a series of articles entitled, "What I Know of Farming." Here is what he says:

"*Concerning the Pumpkin.*—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling, and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin, as a shade tree, is a failure."

HE'D RATHER STAY.—A Jerseyman was very sick, and not expected to recover. His friends gathered around him, and one of them said:

"John, do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered, with a feeble voice:

"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I am—better acquainted."

Sins of the Table.

One glorious afternoon in the waning summer, young men and maidens, not a few, and I among the number, were invited to take tea with one of these hospitable country folk. An invitation to tea there means that you are to go at one P. M., and remain till nine in the evening.

We were on time, and as the day was too good to be spent in-doors we were out and in like bees from the hive.

Our hostess was visible occasionally as she flitted? no, plodded about, on household cares intent, and I couldn't help thinking what a self-sacrificing body she was, to be toasting herself over a hot stove that glowing afternoon. And I inwardly resolved that my wife, were I ever so fortunate as to have one, should not be plagued with visitors.

At early candle lighting we were summoned to tea: and I saw not only the dainties that usually compose that meal, but breakfast, dinner, and a lunch thrown in besides. There was chicken fried and chicken stewed. There was the "biled dish" consisting of beef, pork, and all the vegetables indigenous to that climate. There were the biscuit and cold bread. There were pies and cakes, and custards, and cheese, and fruits. It seemed to me that a company of one hundred strong, could have feasted at that table, and been filled without a miracle.

How had that one woman, with a walking baby at her skirts and a baby that couldn't walk, in her arms, have accomplished all this? I was lost in astonishment. I thought of Thanksgiving, of Masonic suppers, of prodigal sons and fatted calves; and wondered what these people would have for a feast in case of any great event—the return of a prodigal, for instance.

But the savory odors from the viands before me, with the promptly issued order—"Now take right hold and help yourselves," brought me to my senses, or my senses to me, and I fell to.

Master Charlie, the eldest son of mine host, somewhere in that uncertain state in which he looked too large for girls' clothing and hardly large enough for boys', refused to eat, and his father was troubled in spirit. He inquired anxiously of the mother, if the boy had eaten anything since dinner—to which question she gave answer, "Nothing of any account."

I was perplexed. How did they reckon food there, if a huge biscuit divided into three sections, each thickly buttered, a triangle from a mince-pie, whose diameter, at the lowest estimate, must have been ten inches, and a pint of milk were not of "account" with a child less than three years old? And all that I had seen that youngster dispose of during the afternoon. I felt it to be cruelty to permit him to eat anything more even did he wish it, though I dared not say so.

"Have some chicken," urged the anxious father, "you're an awful boy for chicken, allers."

At this remark, whether from the memory of departed joys in the form of chicken, of which he was now unable to participate, or from some other cause, the child lifted up his voice and wept.

The man could not eat. He knew this "little faithful copy of his sire" was sick; for never before had he been known to refrain from chicken.

Presently this affectionate, though most unwise parent started. A bright thought had struck him.

"Mother," said he, addressing his spouse, with a tone wherein conjugal devotion, filial and paternal affection, hope and fear were all most beautifully blended, "Mother, got any sass?"

"Mother" replied in the affirmative, and apologized for having one edible in the house that was not represented on her table on the ground of there not being enough to "go round."

Pater familias rose from the table, seized one of the twin tallow dips whereby the apartment was darkly illumined, and like Eugene Aram, "took three hasty strides," which landed him in the buttery.

There was a confused rattling among the pottery for a brief period, and then the man emerged from the place of good things, the tallow dip in one hand, a pint bowl, from which uprose a huge iron spoon, in the other, and "victory at last" was written all over him. You saw it gleam in his freckled face and bristling hair; you heard it in the heavy fall of his cowhide boots upon the bare floor and in the flapping of his blue cotton trowsers moist with the dews and damps of the potato field.

He placed the bowl, nearly full of the "pound for pound" sweetmeats, before the *sick child*, whose vociferous grief was instantly assuaged. He clutched the spoon frantically and swallowed the indigestible compound to the delight of his fond parents and pronounced it good; after which his normal appetite was restored to the extent of his calling for a wedge of sweet cake, and a cup of tea so strong that it banished sleep from the eyes and slumber from the eyelids of the unfortunate writer till nearly day. And in the tossings and weariness that night, he resolved to lift his voice against the sins of the table whereof this massacre of the infants is one of the most unpardonable.

☞ Crelillon the younger once said that a really fine woman never reached her full loveliness until she was at least thirty. There is encouragement for women to tell the truth about their age.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cleaning the Premises.

We find what we would say on the above subject so well said in Moore's Rural New Yorker, that we make room for the article entire in our columns.

We entreat all our readers to give it the most thoughtful and conscientious heed.

It is lamentably true, painfully, terribly true, that every summer many precious lives are lost, simply by neglect to clean premises. The magnitude of such loss in any one case only those can know who have seen a dearly beloved member of the household whose presence alone was a perpetual benediction, pass away from sight and sound and fond embrace, never more on earth to mingle with the household group. The thought of such a possibility is sufficient to stimulate any and every one to use the utmost precaution.

Very vague ideas of cleanliness many persons have. They seem to think it consists in polished brass and silver, in shining crockery and white linen and well-scrubbed floors, forgetting that a whited sepulchre which appears beautiful outwardly may be full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Many a perfectly kept house is in close proximity to a privy vault that has not been cleaned for years, and the soil about it is saturated and reeking with the waste from the sink and cellar, and the well from which the water for drinking and cooking is drawn has from long opportunity become poisoned with the drainings from the barn-yard and pig-sty.

Many a person who would consider a meal spoiled if but a fly should fall into a dish, consents to use such water and breathe such air, and in addition, for want of proper ventilation, take into the lungs the breath that other persons, diseased perhaps at that, have thrown off.

As a general thing, men are more at fault in such matters than women. No vault should be so arranged that it cannot be easily cleaned and kept in order, no drain laid that cannot readily be got at for examination, cleansing and repairs; deodorizers and disinfectants should be scrupulously and freely used. It would be a capital good thing to do to employ the intelligent physician to ferret out the old drains before any of the children get sick. Your darling daughter, sir, your precious son, madam, may be the price if you neglect this.

As the hot weather is at hand, the things to be attended to, if not yet done, are the cellars and drains. They contain germs of mephitic poison which will surely develop in diptheria, typhoid fever, *et id omne genus.* Why should the dwellers in the pure, fresh country air be subjected to such fearful scourges? The pestilential vapors of the city are known to generate such diseases, but in our country villages hundreds perish every spring and summer by these fearful scourges. We know of a family living on a high hill, in the midst of the purest atmosphere, who, in the short space of four weeks, buried five of its members, whose deaths were occasioned by diptheria. The head of the family would not admit that there was anything amiss about the out-houses, cellar or drains; but an intelligent physician ferreted out an old, neglected drain, which ran under the kitchen and pantry, and had thus poisoned the blood of the whole household, and laid five of the youngest of its members under the sod. Such lamentable visitations are considered as chastenings from an Almighty hand, whereas they are directly traceable to an ignorance of common physical laws.

A damp, close cellar, filled with disagreeable odors, proceeding from decaying vegetables, will sow the seeds of disease in every family, and the youngest will first succumb to its noxious influences. Have you inspected the lower regions of your house this season? Have you looked over the potatoes, cabbages and turnips, and thrown away the mould and decay which have collected? If you have not, do not delay any longer. Throw open the hatchways and the windows, gather up all the decaying fragments, sweep the walls and floors thoroughly, mix a whitewash of unslaked lime and water, and add to it enough copperas to make it a bright yellow. There is no disinfectant which is more efficacious than sulphate of iron, commonly called copperas. It is very cheap, costing only a few cents per pound; it is very obnoxious to rats and mice, and they will vacate a cellar which is washed with it. If bits of the crystals are scattered among their haunts and in the corners of the cellar, they will "vamose the ranch." We know this from experience, living in an ancient house greatly infested with rodents, whose nightly rampages banished sleep from our eyes. We tried copperas, in whitewash, and dissolving it in water, sprinkled the floors thoroughly with it. The wood-house was soon alive with rats, and two large cats enjoyed huge sport for a week or ten days, slaying them hourly. Not a rat's footfall has been heard since. We beg our rat infested readers to try this simple remedy. They will purify the whole atmosphere of the house and expel their unwelcome tenants.

Cleanliness is the best physician we can employ; his charges are comparatively low; he gives no medicine, and he invigorates the system better than all the "bitters" manufactured in this broad land. With an abundance of pure water, fresh air and exercise, we should exorcise that imp, disease; and he would surely be made to keep his distance if we could only understand the laws of hygiene—*i. e.*, the art of preserving our health. Without it, life is a bitter strife; there is no comfort or pleasure to the invalid.

Small, close sleeping-rooms, iron stoves and foul cellars are making the families of our farmers as sickly as those of the cosmopolites. Is it not time that they should consider their ways and by-ways?

In city or country, well ventilated and clean cellars are most advantageous; but the drainage should be good. Wet cellar floors are prolific of sickness. The floor should slope toward the sewer in order to carry off all water. The walls are much better if made of stone than of brick, for the latter is liable to crumble under the effects of moisture. Ventilation and light should be admitted or excluded at will; but though we highly prize a cellar, we feel certain that many families would enjoy a much greater degree of health without one, on account of the neglect which is so often allowed.

Drains are most fruitful causes of illness. They must be thoroughly cleaned out once in every three or four years, and weekly, in the summer time, purified with copperas. Let the crystals lie in it and dissolve gradually, or if the odor is bad, dissolve one pound in two quarts of water, and turn down the pipes. A sink in summer is often disagreeable; copperas will prevent all bad odors in them. Lime is a desirable purifier for out-houses; bushels of it can be used during the summer to great advantage, and if the refuse is taken out in spring and autumn and composted with ashes and loam, you will have an excellent fertilizer.

We hail with gladness the use of earth-closets. They will certainly save many lives. The sickening odors which arise from so many of the cabinets in city houses are deadly as the far-famed Upas tree. If the earth closets can be introduced into tenement houses, and properly attended to, they will work a much to be desired reformation. The Chinese make great use of night soil, and by the aid of these arrangements the market gardens around New York could be provided with the best of stimulants, and a prolific source of disease would thus be made to furnish most succulent food.

How to Make Poultry-Raising Pay.

Mr. Warren Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y., who owns a farm at Rye, N. Y., and is a very successful raiser of poultry, writes the Farmers' Club his experience in the care of fowls:—

"I have found that for every hundred fowls you must give up at least an acre. But rough land is as good as any. Hens naturally love the bush, and I lop young trees, but leave a shred by which they live a year or more. These form hiding-places and retreats for them. In such places they prefer to lay. I have great success, and it depends on three or four rules, by observing which I believe a good living can be made by hens and turkeys. 1. I give my fowls great range. Eighteen acres belong to them exclusively. Then the broods have the range of another big lot, and the turkeys go half-a-mile or more from the house. The eighteen acres of poultry-yard is rough land, of little use for tillage. It has a pond in it, and many rocks, and bushes, and weeds, and sandy places, and ash-heaps, and lime, and bones, and grass, and a place which I plough up to give them worms. 2. When a hen has set, I take her box, throw out the straw and earth, let it be out in the sun and rain a few days, and give it a good coat of whitewash on both sides. In winter, when it is very cold, I have an old stove in their house, and keep the warmth above freezing. There is also an open fireplace, where I build a fire in cool, wet days. They dry themselves, and when the fire goes out there is a bed of ashes for them to wallow in. Summer and winter, my hens have all the lime, ashes, and sand, they want. 3. Another reason why I have such luck is because my poultry-yards receive all the scraps from the Metropolitan Hotel. Egg-making is no easy work, and hens will not do much of it without high feed. They need just what a man who works requires—wheat bread and meat. Even when wheat costs $2, I believe in feeding it to hens. As to breeds, I prefer the Brahmas, light and dark. I change roosters every spring, and a man on the farm has no other duty than to take care of my poultry. I frequently turn off 3,000 spring chickens in a single season."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 86 letters.
My 1, 7, 14, 23, 8, 41, 36, 63, 76, is a mountain.
My 2, 49, 59, 48, 72, 58, 18, is one of the states.
My 3, 53, 12, 60, 17, 85, 33, is a yellow substance.
My 15, 23, 71, 55, 38, 50, 19, is a mountain in Asia.
My 16, 81, 6, 32, 70, 40, 10, is an oasis.
My 20, 62, 57, 28, 86, 87, 14, 43, is the act of inserting a scion in another tree.
My 24, 70, 11, 4, 29, 84, 75, is a bird.
My 25, 73, 39, 6, 87, 53, 30, 68, 69, 61, is a city in Asia.
My 31, 57, 82, 74, 62, 37, 13, 34, is where Napoleon I. was completely overthrown.
My 42, 80, 50, 66, 78, is a river in Scotland.
My 50, 54, 67, 46, 35, 57, is an island.
My 65, 27, 51, 44, 21, 59, 26, 77, 53, is an island.

My whole is a quotation from Cowper.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Riddle.

Listen to that rippling streamlet,
Sweetly swelling to the breeze;
Hear you not the gentle zephyr
Softly sighing through the trees?
Sparkling dewdrops gem the foliage.
Sportive insects hail the day,
Spreading flow'rets ope their bosom.
Birds send forth their matin lay.
I am there, too—try to find me—
Speak my value—if you can.
Deem me not beneath your notice;
Know—I am the friend of man.
Various in my form and nature.
Varying in my uses, too;
Dipped in rainbow tints, you'll see me
Sparkling in each brilliant hue;
Then, again, behold my whiteness,
Vying with the purest snow.
Ladies, you should hail me kindly—
Waving near you, to and fro;
Does your lover false forsake you—
Fly, and seek relief in me;
Tell him proudly he may wander;
Keep your heart and set him free.
Statesmen, lawyers, do not spurn me;
Oft I lead to paths of fame;
Wield me with mercy, and, in truth,
Gain by me a golden name.
At present I must say adieu.
Cease not to prize my power,
But gently breathe my dictates kind,
And soothe the passing hour.

Question.

Which is preferable, $12,000 to be paid in six yearly payments of $2,000 each, to commence one year hence, without interest, or $10,000 payable in five equal yearly payments, to commence immediately with interest, at 7 per cent. per annum, allowing 7 per cent. per annum, in both cases, for the use of money as it comes into hand.

☞ An answer is requested.

Send solution to E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is milk like the treadmill? Ans.—Because it strengthens the calves.

☞ When does a physician get paid by the church? Ans.—When he gets his amount from a chap ill (chapel.)

☞ What is the great motive for travelling? Ans.—A locomotive.

☞ When is an alderman like a ghost? Ans.—When he is a goblin (gobbling.)

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." ENIGMA—Hyacinth. CHARADE—Seamanship.

RECEIPTS.

APPLES AND RICE.—The following receipt makes an excellent dish for either luncheon or supper, and, when eaten cold, it will be found acceptable in hot weather. It can be made with any sort of fruit. Wash some rice (the quantity must be regulated by the size of the dish), pour a little cold water over it, and set it in the oven until the water is absorbed in the rice. Then add a little milk, and work that in with a spoon. Place the dish again in the oven, and keep working in from time to time until the rice is soft. When this is the case, work in a few spoonsful of cream. Take some good baking apples, pare, core, and quarter them, and place them in a tart-dish with sugar and the grated rind of a lemon. Place the rice at the top, and bake in a moderate oven until the rice assumes a light-brown surface.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM SILK.—Scrape French chalk, put it on a grease-spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat, if necessary.

TO WASH prints, de laines, and lawns, which will fade by using soap, make a starch water similar for starching prints; wash in two waters without any soap, rinse in clean water. If there is green in the fabric, add a little alum to the starch water.

WASHING MADE EASY.—One pound of soap cut into a crock with half an ounce of borax, and four quarts of water, set on the fire until dissolved. The night before washing day put your clothes to soak in clean water. On washing day wring them and put them in your kettle of cold water, and add one-fourth of the mixture; when they *come to a boil*, take them off, wash and rinse them. When more clothes are put in to boil, more of the mixture should be added.

☞ In the city of Columbus, Georgia, ice is now manufactured by a German machine, which is reported to produce 1,000 pounds an hour, at a cost, including labor and materials, of nine cents for every 100 pounds. The machine is a very large one, and is worked by a steam-engine of three-horse power. It cost $9,000; but, adding the freight from Halle to Columbia, it was estimated that the whole expense would fall within $15,000. This includes a supply of freezing material, furnished by the manufacturers of the machine, which will last for years. There are other sizes of machines, which respectively cost $8,000 and $4,000; and two smaller still, which will make from 50 to 400 pounds of ice in an hour. The ice thus manufactured is of excellent quality.